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MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



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FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

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OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

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The Editor solicits the gift of articles, notes, photographs, and sketches, on the various aspects of Nature Lore, Natural Science, and Conservation of Natural Resources. If possible; articles should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper. Photographs should be on glossy paper with data attached. The Society is a non-profit educational institution and we offer no remuneration for contributions to the *Bulletin*. The Society assumes no responsibility for the safety of manuscripts or illustrations submitted for its use.

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VOLUME XXXVII

OCTOBER, 1953

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CONTENTS

Page

President's Page	278
Painted Buntings in New England	<i>C. Russell Mason</i> 279
Island Patterns: Notes on Bird Behavior	<i>John V. Dennis</i> 281
"A Red-headed Family"	<i>John B. May</i> 285
Thumbnail Sketches of Our Vice-Presidents	291
Sleepy Visits School	<i>Marjorie E. Smith</i> 294
Notes from Our Sanctuaries	295
Bird Photo Quiz	<i>Hugo H. Schroder</i> 302
Small Mammals of Arcadia: I. Introduction.	<i>B. Elizabeth Horner and Dorcas L. Eason</i> 303
From Our Correspondence	305
From the Editors' Sanctum	307
Visual Aids (Membership Notes)	308
Reviews of Recent Acquisitions	312
From Our Educational Staff	316
Looking Ahead: Some Dates to Remember	318
Field Notes	322, 323, 324

Cover Illustration, SCREECH OWL FEEDING YOUNG, Karl H. Maslowski.

The President's Page



The greatest aids to a strong conservation movement in any State are local institutions whose aims are to spread the doctrine of conservation; competent Federal officials to administer United States wildlife sanctuaries and to enforce the laws regulating the shooting season for certain game birds.

Massachusetts is now fortunate in its opportunity to keep the Divisions of Fisheries, Game, and Forestry, united as the Department of Natural Resources, out of politics, since the Governor of the Commonwealth has made five excellent appointments to the unpaid Commission who will select the salaried Chief of the Department. A member of our Board of Directors, Mr. Richard Borden, is one of the five appointed, and the designation by the Committee itself of the chairman of this unpaid Commission of Five, Professor Robert P. Holdsworth, of Amherst, is excellent.

It is further our hope that the present Commissioner, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, be designated the paid executive of the Commission, so that the experience he has gained in that position in recent years will not be lost to the Commonwealth. We think Mr. Lyman is wise in his vision of a large number of beaches for all the citizens of the Commonwealth, and that his views are sympathetic with the ecologists who wish to retain large stretches of land in their present wilderness character for the purpose of present and future study of relations of the plants and animals that inhabit these, as well as for the recreation of our citizens. Such an area has been supplied by the purchase, by the State of New Jersey, of the three-mile stretch of beach from the Phipps Estate. This purchase was long advocated by the naturalists of New York and by President Baker of the National Audubon Society.

The best examples, it seems to me, that we have in this State are Sandy Neck, in the Township of Barnstable, and the long stretch of outer beach, clay and sand bluff, and large sandhills, with marsh and plain at the back, stretching from the Province Lands in Provincetown to Highland Light in North Truro and as yet little changed by buildings or by cultivation.

Robert Walcott

Painted Buntings in New England

BY C. RUSSELL MASON



G. BLAKE JOHNSON

A male Painted Bunting at Brookline, May 9, 1953

In *The Birds of Massachusetts*, by Howe and Allen, published in 1901, the Painted Bunting is listed as an introduced species on the basis of three records in the 1890's. Knight, in his *Birds of Maine*, published in 1908, records an adult male found dead at Portland, June 10, 1904. Because of the extensive cage bird traffic during that period, as well as the fact that the birds were seen in June and July, these buntings were thought to be escaped cage birds. Forbush, in his *Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States*, lists the Painted Bunting with the statement, probably based on Howe and Allen, that "there are several records of occurrence in New England, all presumed to be escaped cage birds." There was also one record for Rhode Island in 1882, supposedly in the same class.

Now, apparently, the Painted Bunting can be added to the New England fauna because of recent observations made in Maine and Massachusetts. On May 25, 1951, at Pemaquid, Maine, a male of this species was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Fertig as it perched in the top of a larch tree near their feeding station, and the following day it was noticed on their lawn with Purple Finches (*Bulletin of the Maine Audubon Society*, Vol. VII, No. 3, July, 1951). The first record in Massachusetts was likewise a male, a bird which flew against the study window in the home of Mrs. Chester N. Greenough, of Belmont, September 6, 1952. Mrs. Greenough watched the bird as, temporarily stunned, it fell to the terrace, but it soon recovered and flew away.

From May 6 to May 9, 1953, a Painted Bunting, a male in full plumage, made frequent visits from early morning to evening at the feeding stations of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Wheatland, of Brookline. On discovering this colorful visitor, Mrs. Wheatland immediately telephoned the office of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and dozens of bird-watchers had an opportunity to observe it closely and at length. George Blake Johnson, of Framingham, secured a series of color photographs on May 9, on which date the bird was almost constantly at the feeders, presumably filling up for the journey southward to its nesting grounds.

Dr. Frederick C. Lincoln, Assistant to the Director of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, and Secretary of the Committee on Classification and Nomenclature of the American Ornithologists' Union, wrote on May 19, 1953, "I quite agree that it is now safe to consider the Painted Bunting records as natural occurrences. Although there are occasional attempts to bring these birds into the country as cage birds, we feel that with the fine co-operation we receive from the Customs Service, few if any attempts are successful." Dr. Lincoln also stated that a single male was seen by many bird students of Washington, D. C., during the early part of May, 1943, in the back yard of the home of Mrs. Walter Wyatt in the northwestern section of that city.

I well recall to mind the thrill at seeing my first Painted Buntings in Florida, on February 27, 1927, in Moore Haven on Lake Okeechobee. They were probably wintering birds. Although the species was not uncommon along the coast, one was less likely to find a Painted Bunting inland, and therefore another happy surprise came to me while at breakfast on the morning of April 18, 1933, when an individual appeared at the bird bath just outside our window in Sanford, Florida. In later years we observed them again, in late April and early October, in this same section, and on May 24, 1935, I was fortunate enough to find a female building a nest in a pine tree on Amelia Island. One April there was a considerable influx of Painted Buntings at Bay Front Park in Miami, where they seemed to be feeding on grass seed during their northward journey. At Fort Pierce, Miss Clara Bates has entertained these birds for years at her feeding stations, to the delight of countless bird-watchers and photographers.

The names used in the South for this bird have always appealed to me more than that of Painted Bunting. Nonpareil certainly is descriptive of the bird as compared to other North American species, while in Cuba the musical name of *Mariposa*, or Butterfly, also indicates the gorgeous coloring of the male.

Now that this species is being seen more frequently in Massachusetts, it is one to keep our eyes open for during the May migration. Some of the Painted Buntings nesting far to the south of us may, on their northward way, overshoot their marks and pay us brief visits.

NOTE: Kodachrome slides by George Blake Johnson of the Painted Bunting at the Brookline feeder and of the Bullock's Orioles at Falmouth may be secured from the Massachusetts Audubon Society at 75 cents each.

Ipswich River Sanctuary Trail Clearing

Trail clearing will be engaged in at Ipswich River Sanctuary every Saturday in October. Come any time you can and bring your favorite tool.

Island Patterns: Notes on Bird Behavior

By JOHN V. DENNIS



RALPH S. PALMER

Common Terns in Flight

For the student of bird behavior there is a very definite advantage in watching birds at the seashore. By simply keeping a sand bar or mud flat under observation for a few hours, it is possible to learn much as to how a bird spends its time. One soon finds that with water birds, at least, search for food is not a full-time occupation. Many diversions and activities, apart from food finding, such as preening feathers, bathing, quarreling, and playing, engage their attention.

Coastal Massachusetts, with its islands and beaches, is a wonderful observatory for watching the daily routine of many kinds of birds. Unlike the situation inland, where it is usually only a matter of seconds before a bird is hidden by foliage, coastal birds spend almost their whole life in the open. During the course of a day individuals may remain within a very limited area, so that an observer, given the patience, can keep a single bird or a whole flock of birds under view for hours on end.

The island of Nantucket is particularly well-suited for making detailed observations, since, in addition to there being a long shore line with plenty of marshes and mud flats, the interior of the island contains vast stretches of treeless moors where birds can be seen to good advantage.

Watching birds at Nantucket late in the summer after nesting activities had been completed, I was interested to note how often both adult birds and young of the year attempted feats which take great skill and exact timing. A Least Tern at the edge of the harbor mud flats provided me with an example

of expert timing. The bird was swooping down as close as possible to the water without getting itself wet, but close enough just barely to part the surface with the tip of its bill. After skimming the surface for an instant, the bird would bound upward and thereby gain altitude for another dive. After making a series of dives, the bird would fly back to a certain position along the shore and begin the process all over again. Each time the bird seemed to be "pin-pointing" certain spots as close as possible to the shore line.

On another occasion, at Smith Point, while watching a large flock of Roseate Terns at the water's edge, I noticed a curious performance by several immature birds. Flying over the water, the birds would suddenly drop down and hit the water with a splash, dip their heads under, and then bounce up into the air again as though catapulted. They did this again and again. Then, as though for the sake of variety, one of the birds picked up a bit of seaweed and dropped it after flying up from the water. The seaweed was retrieved from the water and the performance repeated over and over. Soon another bird joined in, and the two took turns with the seaweed.

Dropping objects and retrieving them again seems to be one of the more popular pastimes, and birds of several species indulge in it.

Shortly after watching the terns I noted a Herring Gull dropping an object onto the sandy beach at Eel Point and then retrieving it. Since the object could scarcely have been broken by falling on the sand, this was, undoubtedly, not an example of shell dropping as customarily performed by gulls in order to break open a creature with a hard shell and secure the contents.

Inland a short distance, where the rolling, nearly treeless landscape of Nantucket resembles the moors of Scotland, I observed a Marsh Hawk in much the same kind of pursuit as that which had engaged the Roseate Terns and the Herring Gull. Holding an object in its talons, the hawk hovered above the ground. As I watched, the object, probably a stick, was dropped repeatedly, only to be retrieved again. The same type of skill shown by the sea birds was required for this feat. Even with a Marsh Hawk's keen vision and ability to maneuver with outspread wings, it is no easy matter to find a stick dropped into a maze of brambles and densely matted foliage.

Whether difficult maneuvers, such as those executed by the Marsh Hawk and the sea birds, were practice to prepare for food finding or merely a form of recreation it is difficult to say. In view of the limited thinking capacity of birds, it is probable that the birds had not thoughtfully planned out these maneuvers but, acting under the impulse of a surge of energy, had utilized all their powers of flight and vision to carry out a difficult feat. The feat, in turn, closely resembles a food-catching technique, or, as with the terns, it may correspond closely to one of the methods used by the species in question to bathe or drink while on the wing.

In addition to the more vigorous pursuits, we find that a great deal of time is spent in what might be called "loafing." With an abundance of food in the form of marine life in the shallows surrounding the island, and berries, insects, and small rodents for such species as can utilize them on the moors and upland pastures, life is easy for many birds, and it is not surprising that we find them resting or engaged in frivolous pastimes.

When I first came to Nantucket, I often wondered where the gulls were bound when, early in the morning, small groups passed overhead, always in the same direction. Were they converging upon favorite feeding grounds, or

were they intent upon meeting fishing boats or the steamer to Nantucket in the expectation of finding something edible in the refuse thrown overboard? It seemed logical to suppose that food was uppermost in their minds.

One morning, purely by chance, I came upon a huge congregation of gulls along the south shore of the island. They occupied a large stretch of sandy beach which acts as a barrier between the ocean and a brackish pond. This, I decided, was the early morning meeting place of the gulls I had seen flying over.

Gulls of three species were present. Herring Gulls were by far the most numerous, the older birds trim and immaculate in their gray and white plumage, their wings tipped with black. Less prepossessing were the sooty-brown immature birds interspersed throughout the flock. Standing out from all the others were the Great Black-backed Gulls, with contrasting black and white plumage and immense wingspread. They are aristocrats among gulls, while the Herring Gull is more plebeian. A few Laughing Gulls made up the remainder of the flock.

Making myself at home upon the top of a sand dune, I sat down to watch with a binocular — the gulls apparently unaware of my presence — to discover, if I could, the cause for this large gathering.

The scene which unfolded had a strikingly familiar look. It was a bathing beach, with birds instead of humans the participants. A majority of the birds were massed in dense clusters along the highest part of the beach. For the most part they faced the ocean. No very obvious sort of activity was taking place. Some of the birds had their heads tucked under their wings as though sleeping; others preened their feathers; and still others just stood or squatted.

Turning my attention to the pond, I noted a smaller group of gulls either engaged in bathing activities or drying and preening their feathers at the water's edge. One by one birds were leaving the main flock to join this group. These birds walked the entire distance, which was about a hundred yards. They entered the water with as much dignity as high officials and when up to their bellies ducked their heads under every now and then and splashed water over their backs. Still keeping their dignified bearing, they would leave the water to begin preening operations. Apparently much refreshed, they would always fly back to rejoin the main flock instead of slowly making their way by foot.

I suspected that each gull allots its time rather precisely, with definite periods for doing nothing, for bathing, for oiling and preening feathers, and for sunning itself. Like humans they take their bathing seriously and attend to little formalities prior to and after bathing.

The gulls were not the only birds on the island to take a breather from the business of finding food.

The fifteen-mile-long island is a stopping-off place for shore birds. As I was visiting the island during the month of August, most of the shore birds present were those resting up after the first stages in their journey southward. Winging in from Cape Cod, Nova Scotia, and points northward, they would rest and feed for a while before undertaking perhaps even longer flights.

To become acquainted with these hardy travelers, one has only to visit the wind-swept beaches, the marshy borders of small inland ponds, or such mud flats as occur in bays and inlets. Choosing the harbor flats below the

town at a time when the tide was in and a strong wind blowing, I found fewer birds than usual. Those in view were keeping to tight little groups. Facing the wind so as to prevent their feathers from getting ruffled, the birds apparently were waiting for more favorable conditions.

A few Yellow-legs, their heads partially tucked under their wings and standing ludicrously on one leg, moved slightly to eye me as I passed opposite them. Semipalmated Plovers and Least Sandpipers, which had been moving deliberately at the water's edge, rose at my approach and flew slowly and erratically against the wind to reach a spot somewhat farther along.

I was about to call it a day when, focusing my field glasses upon a small sand spit, I saw a flock of sandpipers lined up, one directly behind the other, as though standing in line to purchase theatre tickets. There were some thirty of them, all Sanderlings, as indicated by their small size and pale coloration. The line was facing into the wind, and, remarkable as it may seem, the birds were taking turns in the exposed positions. When a bird had spent a reasonable length of time at the head of the line, it trotted on back to the rear so as to be sheltered by its comrades. From time to time the whole line moved forward so that the birds continued to stay in about the same place. As might be expected among humans in such circumstances, certain birds slipped back to the rear before they had served their turn. Yet, on the whole the line functioned with remarkable smoothness, and the birds were still taking turns when I departed after watching them for nearly an hour.

One might be tempted to explain the behavior of the Sanderlings as a case in which birds used the power of reasoning to share responsibilities equally. Actually a less romantic interpretation is more in keeping with what we know of animal intelligence. The bird at the head of the line and facing the full force of the wind can be expected to become uncomfortable after a short period of time; therefore it would drop back to the rear of the line where it would be sheltered by the birds in front of it. Eventually all the birds would have their turn automatically at both the most exposed and the least exposed position. So far there has been no noteworthy display of intelligence. But when with one accord the whole line moves forward and thus makes room between the rear end of the line and the water, we are led to suspect that there is some method of communication between the birds. That the birds take a precautionary measure to prevent the whole flock from ending up in the water seems to involve a fair degree of intelligence.

I returned to the harbor a few days later to find the situation greatly changed. The wind was no more than a pleasant breeze, and, the tide being out, the sandy beach was left well above a murky region of mud and seaweed. The Sanderlings were no longer huddled one behind the other, but were combing the flats in well-organized little groups. Plovers and various of the non-descript small sandpipers which can be conveniently classified as Peeps were likewise keeping pretty much to themselves, intent upon finding the particular type of food which suited their needs.

***If you like the BULLETIN, show it to your friends.
If you don't like anything about the BULLETIN,
please tell the Editors.***

"A Red-Headed Family"

By JOHN B. MAY



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Ivory-billed Woodpeckers

How that borrowed title carries me back to my schoolboy days of long ago! As an embryo naturalist in long pants, starting my early collections of shells and minerals, "bugs" and birds' eggs, and as an omnivorous reader of everything pertaining to natural history, I acquired a copy of *Byways and Bird-notes*, a tiny volume of nature essays by Maurice Thompson, one of which bore the above intriguing title. From that time on to the present the tribe of the Picidae, or Woodpeckers, has been one of my favorite groups of birds, and I gladly pay tribute to the memory of Maurice Thompson, nature writer and devotee of the bow and arrow, who so stimulated my youthful interest.

In those benighted days antedating the formation of the Audubon societies, "everybody" (including the present writer) collected birds' eggs, there were

Thompson made the pessimistic prediction that "the species will probably be a common medium of exchange between collectors. Songbirds were netted, caged, and sold along with parrots and canaries, and any bird of pleasing plumage was considered fair prey for any boy or man who owned a gun.

Thompson's narrative of his discovery of a nest of the great Ivory-billed



ARTHUR A. ALLEN

Northern Flicker

Woodpecker, *Campephilus principalis*, in the wild Okefenokee Swamp in southeastern Georgia, stirred my imagination and envy, and its final culminating moment of tragedy when, in breaking away the hard shell of the tree trunk in order to reach the coveted eggs, he broke off too large a piece and the big white trophies fell out and were smashed beyond all hope of repair, still lingers poignantly in my memory. Even in those days the Ivory-bill was recognized as a vanishing species, as the primeval forests of the Southland were disappearing before the woodsman's axe, and today this superb bird, largest member of the red-headed family in North America, is perhaps our rarest bird and is threatened with almost certain early extinction. Indeed, in 1885 Maurice

professional egg dealers in every city of any size, and wild birds' eggs were extinct within a few years," and it is only an aroused public sentiment which has postponed the final but inevitable outcome.

Beginning with this sketch of his personal adventures with the great Ivory-bill, Thompson went on to describe others of the more familiar members of his "Red-headed Family," many of which have claims upon our interest because of their especial adaptations for their very highly specialized habits, such as their chisel-like beaks, their "ice-tong" claws, their stiffened tail feathers, and their long, barbed, extensible tongues, as well as for their striking and distinctive markings.

One of the first of the tribe with which I became familiar was the Northern Flicker, which we usually called the Pigeon Woodpecker or Goldenwing and sometimes the High-pole (and it rejoiced in many other local and usually highly descriptive names), and it is still one of the commonest and most easily recognized species, a noisy big fellow with conspicuous field marks. From the point of view of the youthful egg collector of those days, the Flicker was a most satisfactory species for, like the domestic hen and the wild Bob-white, if its eggs were taken one at a time day after day, with only a nest egg left, it would continue to lay its daily complement for a considerable time; it was also the only one of our common woodpeckers whose nest-hole was large

enough to admit an egg-pilfering hand without artificial enlargement of the entrance. It was many years later before I met our bird's western cousin, the Red-shafted Flicker, so like and yet so unlike, with its salmon-red linings to wings and tail replacing the yellow of our Goldenwing, and its red mustachios instead of black ones.

Near my boyhood home in Newton, Massachusetts, there grew a fine specimen of the mountain ash, or rowan tree, which, though it still provided an abundance of orange-red berries for its winter visitors, was beginning to show its age and supplied borers of various kinds for the black and white Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers which I watched from my window. In those days we had no Peterson or Pough or Hausman in handy pocket size which we could consult, and most of our bird books were written from the museum worker's point of view, so we were expected to distinguish between these two very similar species by their size (always difficult when they were not seen together), and by noting the presence or absence of inconspicuous black spots on their outer tail feathers; the diagnostic difference in the proportions of their beaks was never mentioned. Most of the published pictures of birds showed only full plumaged male birds of any species, and I remember well the quandary into which I was thrown when I saw several small woodpeckers with striking red caps instead of red crescents on the backs of their necks, until I finally realized that they were merely immature Downies.

It was on this same rowan tree that I found my first Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, a migrating male busily engaged in cutting holes into the bark for its repast of sap and cambium, and this bird was followed in a day or two by a female Sapsucker which visited the tree and profited by the sap-pits already prepared by the earlier male bird. A much more recent recollection is that of the two Sapsuckers which drank, not wisely but too well, of the sweet sap (probably sun-fermented) of a canoe birch beside my New Hampshire camp, until they actually became somewhat "spifflicated" and fell to the ground when they attempted to fly, where they fluttered about in a helpless condition for some time before "sobering off."

One of the most strikingly marked of the woodpecker tribe is the widely distributed Red-headed Woodpecker, rare enough in New England to make its appearance there a noteworthy event even today. For many years the late Bradford Torrey contributed a weekly column to the old *Boston Transcript* under the heading of "The Clerk of the Woods," and one June he described in detail a visit he had just made to a nest of this species in Newtonville. His



GUY A. BAILEY

Yellow-bellied Sapsucker at Work.

account of its location and of the actions of the birds brought to my mind an almost forgotten experience of my own the preceding autumn. Returning at dusk from a woodland ramble I had glimpsed briefly a bird flying with looping flight across a narrow dirt road ahead of me toward a tall dead tree, and had heard an unfamiliar bird call resembling somewhat the note of a



S. A. GRIMES

Pileated Woodpecker at Nest

Tree Toad. In the dim light I did not distinguish any of the bird's markings and I was unable to locate it again after the first unsatisfactory glimpse. Torrey's description of the nest site tallied with my memory and the next day I revisited the spot and saw my first Redheads at their nest-hole. This interesting pair of birds was later watched by a multitude of bird-minded people, for apparently it was the first nesting record of the species in eastern Massachusetts.

It was not until 1913 that I saw my first Logcock, or Pileated Woodpecker, which my books described as a hermit species found only in the deep woods and doomed to disappear before man's encroachment on the wilderness. How that first view of the great bird, second only to the Ivory-bill in size, thrilled me, and although I have seen or heard one or more every summer since that in our New Hampshire highlands and lake country, I still thrill at the sight or sound of these noisy big black and white fellows with the rakish scarlet crests. There are recognized today by the American Ornithologists' Union Check-List four races or subspecies of *Ceophloeus pileatus* and I have seen them all in their native habitats:— the Northern Pileated, in the evergreen forests of the Gaspé, the mixed woods of New England, and on the Kittatinny Ridge in Pennsylvania at famous Hawk Mountain; the Southern in the Piedmont of Virginia and the Carolina Low Country; the Florida race, on the sunny Kissimmee Prairie and in the hammocks of the Everglades; and the Western Pileated, among the lodgepole pines and the aspens of Colorado and Yellowstone. Wherever and whenever I see the Logcock, a red-letter day is marked in my memories. (One of my latest experiences with the Logcock is related in the *Bulletin* for December, 1949, "A New Hampshire Housebreaker.")

The big Pileated Woodpecker is widely distributed over forested North America; the much smaller Red-cockaded Woodpecker is limited almost exclusively to the "piney woods" of our southern states. It spends its entire life span, apparently, in a very restricted range, where it may be easily detected by its characteristic call notes, and where it is frequently associated with the delightfully loquacious little Brown-headed Nuthatch. The nest of the Red-

cockaded Woodpecker is usually, if not invariably, located in a living pine tree, and the bark for some distance around the circular entrance hole is punctured by the sharp beak of the woodpecker so that the pitch of these "turpentine trees" comes out freely, a probable deterrent to predators but a sure indication of a recently constructed nest cavity. The "cockade" which distinguishes this species is a tiny spot of red on the side of the bird's head and I have never been able to detect it in the field, but the species is easily recognized without this mark by its "ladder-back" and its white cheek-patches.

The Red-bellied Woodpecker is another "ladder-back" somewhat like the Red-cockaded and the American Three-toed Woodpeckers in the East, but it is the only one having a noticeably red head. The adult male has the entire top of the head and the back of the neck red, with brownish cheeks and brownish-gray under parts; only the nape is red in the female, and the young have brown heads with no red at all. The red "belly" is not at all noticeable in the field, but to the closet systematist in his museum cubicle it is apparently of primary importance. This bird is southern in distribution, rarely being seen much north of Delaware, and only as a straggler is it found in New England, but wherever observed it is a noisy, easily recognized species. In Florida it is often found nesting in tall cabbage palms among the cypresses and in the piney woods.



S. A. GRIMES

Red-cockaded Woodpecker

Though their red heads or head markings distinguish most of the members of the woodpecker tribe, there are two notable exceptions to this rule, the Arctic and the American Three-Toed Woodpeckers of our evergreen forests of the North, whose caps are yellow instead of red, and which are further differentiated from their relatives by having dispensed with one of their toes as being probably of little use if not actually in the way of birds with their highly specialized feeding habits. A study of their yellow pates can lead one deep into the mysteries of the pigmentation and structure of feathers, as demonstrated by the microscope and by chemistry.

Some of the most distinctively marked of the red-headed family are birds of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast region. My first White-headed Woodpecker was seen in the beautiful Mariposa Grove of *Sequoia gigantea* (now *washingtoniana*) at Yosemite National Park, where the bird was so intensely concentrated on its quest for food in a deep valley of the foot-thick bark of a giant redwood that it was oblivious of my presence and I was able to step

quietly up behind it and actually to catch it in my hand, where I examined it closely before releasing it. The white head and throat of this generally black woodpecker seem strangely artificial and suggest partial albinism at first glance; the males wear a red crescent at the back of their white heads very similar to that of the male Downy Woodpecker.



ARTHUR A. ALLEN

Downy Woodpecker

Both the Downy and the Hairy Woodpecker are represented by several geographical races or subspecies in the West, some of these being indistinguishable in the field from their eastern types, and the Red-naped and Red-breasted Sapsuckers show a strong family resemblance to our Yellow-bellied bird, but the Williamson's Sapsucker and its subspecies the Natalie's are unique among our woodpeckers in that the two sexes are absolutely unlike in appearance and might easily be supposed to be two distinct species of birds. The males are largely solid black with a white rump and wing-patches, a red throat-patch, and a yellowish belly; the females are "zebra-backed" with striped flanks and white rump and a brownish head. They are very much like our eastern sapsucker in habits, however.

The California, or Acorn Woodpecker, *El Carpintero*, is quite strikingly marked with black and white and both sexes have a conspicuous red crown; they are famous for their habit of storing great quantities of acorns by drilling holes in the bark or wood of trees (or into telephone poles) and hammering acorns snugly into each hole, often hundreds of holes being drilled in a single tree by the industrious birds.

Perhaps the most "unwoodpeckerish" of the red-headed family in appearance is the Lewis's Woodpecker, first described by Lewis and Clark on their memorable overland journey to Oregon at the start of the nineteenth century. Its crown, back, wings, and tail are almost black but with a greenish cast at close range; the breast and a collar around the neck are gray; there is a conspicuous red cheek-patch; the belly is a peculiar rosy-red shade nearly unique among birds; the two sexes are alike. In my memories I shall always associate this strange-appearing bird with the weirdly eroded and strikingly colorful rock formations of the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, where I first met this species a score of years ago.

I still look forward optimistically to meeting a few more members of the red-headed family, like the Gila, the Golden-fronted, and the Arizona Woodpeckers, birds of the Mexican borderland which I have yet to include among my bird-watching peregrinations. Here's hoping!

Thumbnail Sketches of Our Vice-Presidents

Although the name Eliot is associated with Boston and New England, SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, JR., is actually a Westerner by birth. He was born in Denver, Colorado, March 14, 1893. His boyhood, however, was spent in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he began bird-watching at the age of eight under the tutelage of Richard S. Eustis, and where he had the privilege of access to William Brewster's catproof garden and private museum. Other aids to bird study included descriptions copied out of Neltje Blanchan's books or made directly from the mounted birds in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard. In his room hung the first two bird charts of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and he gradually made a collection of the Perry Pictures, purchased at two cents each out of his twenty-five-cent weekly allowance. This will sound like familiar history to many of Professor Eliot's contemporaries, as it does to the writer.



From 1903 on, he had the company and rivalry of his cousin, John H. Baker, now president of the National Audubon Society, and the two boys sent to *Bird-Lore* reports of some of the very early Christmas Censuses. Birding was done mostly by bicycle, before breakfast, to Fresh Pond and the great marsh then on its north side. At Browne & Nichols School, he had Ralph Hoffmann as counselor. Hoffmann's *Guide*, published in 1905, and Brewster's *Birds of the Cambridge Region*, published in 1906, were further aids to the young bird student.

Professor Eliot still retains daily, monthly, and yearly lists dating back as far as November, 1901, and these recall to mind the bird and its setting just as these were stamped on the boy's memory half a century ago. Vivid yet are Brewster's excitement on the May morning when both Prairie Warbler and Lincoln's Sparrow were in his garden, or Hoffmann's glow of pleasure when telling Sam that a Cardinal was in the Botanic Garden — where Sam duly found it after school. He remembers one occasion when all the boys in his gang dropped football and raced to Fresh Pond to see a Horned Grebe, and when, on October 22, 1907, an Arkansas Kingbird flew over the football field in Watertown and perched in an apple tree for thorough inspection. The Kingbird could not be identified at the time from New England bird books, but was recognized when Sam attended a ranch school near Mesa, Arizona, in 1909.

During his three years at Harvard, 1909 to 1912, yearly lists were still kept but very little bird-watching enjoyed, and even listing was dropped from 1912 to 1919. Then interest was revived in 1919, during Professor Eliot's first spring at Smith College, Northampton, where he still teaches drama (European and Asiatic) in the English Department. For years he kept arrival dates for the city on a chart for quick comparison. A more intense interest in birds was developed through meeting, in 1931, the late Aaron C. Bagg and Ludlow Griscom. Mr. Bagg gave him the job of writing *Birds of the Connecti-*

cut Valley in Massachusetts, which Mr. Bagg had long been preparing and published (through the Hampshire Bookshop) in 1937. Mr. Griscom introduced him to many new species, especially water birds, and became a model in the field for him to emulate.

Every fair morning during spring and fall migrations still finds Professor Eliot bicycling forth to Arcadia Sanctuary or some more favorable birding spot, for he continues to keep his yearly check-lists, with particular attention to last dates. In addition to his own observations, he corresponds with a number of other bird-watchers and sends combined reports regularly to *Records of New England Birds*. He is always delighted to participate in a field trip, although his interest does not lie in "counts" or "high counts," or in life history studies, but in birds that are out of place or out of season. He admits that he is more ready to believe than to disbelieve such reports, especially in the Connecticut Valley. Nevertheless, he spends hours in painstaking correspondence or in interviewing, in order to check carefully any records which seem to be too good to be true. He insists on accuracy in dates.

Professor Eliot has contributed bird articles or notes to many publications, including the *Bulletin*, and he prepared in 1946 a special pamphlet on birds for the Springfield Museum of Natural History. He has been a member of the Arcadia Sanctuary Advisory Committee since its inception in 1944, and takes special pride in the records of visiting species which have been kept at the Sanctuary over the years since he first went there in 1932. C.R.M.



WILLIAM GOULD VINAL, affectionately known to many as "Cap'n Bill," was elected an honorary vice-president of the Massachusetts Audubon Society in 1952, the year of his retirement after long service as director of Nature Recreation at the University of Massachusetts. In 1937 he returned to Massachusetts, the State of his birth, after holding teaching positions in many parts of the country, including Marshall College in West Virginia, Rhode Island College of Education, New York State College of Forestry, and Western Reserve University in Ohio. He is at present a member of the faculty of Boston University in connection with the Sargent College program of outdoor education. He has also taught summer courses at Oneonta Teachers College, Penn State, and at the University of Maryland. For many years he has been in great demand as director

of camping education and conservation programs conducted by State universities, camping associations, and by Life Camps. During a two-year leave from Western Reserve University, he served as itinerant naturalist for the National Recreation Association, holding institutes throughout the United States and marking the first time that nature recreation was put on a par with drama, music, and art.

Dr. Vinal was graduated from Bridgewater State Teachers College in 1903 and later received his B.S. and A.M. degrees from Harvard, and his Ph.D. from Brown University. He has been a prolific writer on the camping movement, emphasizing constantly that all camping should be developed on a natural history and conservation basis, the camps making use of the native materials about them to teach the boys and girls in what way they are related to the natural environment. These principles were worked out in Nature Guide Schools at Western Reserve and under the auspices of the University of Massachusetts.

In 1948 the Massachusetts Audubon Society called on Dr. Vinal to direct its first workshop for teachers and youth leaders, held at the Rivers Country Day School at Chestnut Hill in June of that year, and, again, to aid in the formulation of programs for the workshops which followed at Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary at Barre. In the summer of 1953 Dr. Vinal still found time to drop in at Cook's Canyon for one of his periodic visits and to greet and encourage the students at the workshop.

His experience as ranger naturalist at Yosemite, Glacier, and Crater Lake National Parks helped to broaden his views of the out-of-doors, and a trails trip with Cap'n Bill at any time and in any place was an event long to be remembered and appreciated by any lover of nature. Through his work at the University of Massachusetts, he became much interested in the Youth Hostel movement, and in the summer of 1947 he surveyed youth hostels in seven European countries for the American group.

In addition to contributing to magazines, Dr. Vinal is the author of *Nature Guiding*, published by Comstock Publishing Company in 1926; *Nature Recreation*, published by McGraw Hill in 1940 and still the most valuable textbook for camp directors and nature lore students; and in 1951 he prepared a 70-page pamphlet on *Outdoor Schoolrooms for Outdoor Living*.

He was the first president of the National Committee for the Sport of Orienteering, now firmly established in this country. He is a member of Sigma Xi, honorary scientific society, and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. One of his most recent honors was the Dr. William O. Stillman Award for Meritorious Achievement, American Humane Association. Not the least of his great achievements have been his keeping in touch with the many students with whom he has worked and whom he has inspired through the years and his raising to a high level the appreciation of outdoor living in recreation. Typical and fitting indeed is the tribute paid him in *The National Humane Review* for January, 1952: "Dr. Vinal has retired. His kindly influence will continue to grow, however, through the thousands of men, women, and children to whom he has imparted his own humane philosophy."

C.R.M.

Luring a Whip-poor-will

"On July 28 I was on the cliff at Pine Hill, Sherborn, Massachusetts, about 8:15 P. M. when the first Whip-poor-will called in the distance. The call is one I can imitate, so I started whistling. Before long a Whip-poor-will flew up the path and landed within five feet of me on the cliff. I have had them fly by many times, but to have one sit next to me seemed unbelievable. It was still twilight and we looked at each other. (It was probably a young

one.) I gave the call again and it sidled over and hopped on my left leg and a few seconds later it jumped over to my other leg.

"Now an adult Whip-poor-will started excitedly calling from near by. It flew by us clucking and scolding. The Whip-poor-will flew off my lap to join the adult. Again I gave their call, only to have the young one return and perch on my left shoulder for a minute or so before it left for good."

Sherborn, Mass. Eliot Taylor

Sleepy Visits School

BY MARJORIE E. SMITH



Sleepy, the two-year-old Porcupine at the Pleasant Valley Sanctuary, Lenox, Massachusetts, was a special attraction when she visited the schools for the mammal lesson of the Audubon Nature Course. She lived up to her name by being drowsy afternoons.

Sleepy's traveling cage had a paper wrapper. As I walked to the bus, people looked at the big moving package, then at me, and back to the cage again. First one end of the cage was in the air, then a moment later the other end bobbed up — Sleepy liked to "walk" while her cage was being carried!

In the classroom a carrot coaxed Sleepy out of her cage onto a table. Then, holding it in her little black paws, she obligingly sat down and ate noisily. This drew attention to her orange incisors which place her in the rodent family. Occasionally she would "talk," sounding like a baby doll crying.

The boys and girls were interested in seeing the quills, which are longest on her back, shortest on the cheeks. They decided that if she could really throw them to protect herself, it wouldn't be safe to bring her to class. There was opportunity to pet her — safe when patting the head towards the back — which felt like patting a whisk broom.

When the cage was placed on the table, Sleepy happily ambled into it as fast as her little legs would carry her ten fat pounds. Inside, she expressed her joy by doing a "dance." Balancing her weight on her hind feet, she teetered back and forth sideways, tapping the bottom rhythmically with first the left front paw, then the right, often as long as ten minutes. Her long back hair was raised out like a skirt over her tail. After the first day of school, Sleepy heaved a big porcupine sigh of relief, then nibbled some greens, had a drink, and settled down for a long nap.

Sleepy performed beautifully in the morning classes. In the afternoon, if the room was warm, Sleepy was sleepy and preferred staying in her cage. Her favorite peanut butter or salty cracker wasn't tempting then. Her intelligence was revealed as I tried different ways to coax her out where she could be seen better. The first time I tipped the cage so the open end rested on the table, she stood on her hind legs, and I removed it easily, to her surprise. The next time I did that, Sleepy tantalizingly kept to the sides of the cage or came within a fraction of an inch of the bottom! She caught on quickly and wouldn't be tricked by the same method twice.

Four of my classes had seen Sleepy last year when she was a year old. They noticed that Sleepy had grown bigger, that her fur was darker in color, and that she was much more fun. Classes were encouraged to make sketches of her for their notebooks. A live animal is fun.

Notes From Our Sanctuaries



WALTER SIBLEY

Wildwood Campers attend a "Buffalo Roast" at Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary

ARCADIA. The joyful voices of happy children mingled with the songs of birds at Arcadia during the month of July and the first half of August. Sometimes gaily exuberant, sometimes studiously calm and intent, our day camp family lived with the sounds, sights, and goodly smells of lovely countryside. Surrounded as they were with natural beauty in its many manifestations, it seems reasonable to expect that their present joy in living was augmented by many impressions, some of which will be tucked away in inner recesses to brighten those more sober occasions that inevitably will come with increased age and responsibility.

Miss Phoebe Greene Arnold, of the Audubon educational staff, directed the day camp program, assisted by Patsy J. Mason and Barbara Hasenzahl, volunteer junior counselors, with Patsy Mason exchanging places with Mary Fyffe, of Cook's Canyon day camp, for the middle session. The program was enriched by the freely given and much appreciated contributions of Mrs. Civille Pray, John Kitson, and Albert Pollard, all local experts in different branches of natural history.

The soil auger wielded by Mr. Pollard at the time of his visit went through seventeen inches of topsoil and through clay, to bite into an aquifer sand at a depth of forty-nine inches. You would have thought we had struck oil to hear the gleeful shouts of the day campers as water gushed into the hole. The finding of water-bearing sands indicated that we could hope for the ultimate

realization of a wildlife pond in the low area beyond the barns. A careful survey later by a United States Soil Conservation Service engineer proved definitely that a small pond could be built there. It would be a pond with shallow edges, where emergent aquatic plants and the rich animal life associated with them could be easily studied by our day campers and others. We are hopeful that the necessary assistance will be forthcoming to make possible the addition of this new unit to the live exhibits already existing in the outdoor natural history museum which is Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary. This proposed small pond would give us a habitat different from any we have at the present time. High among its many advantages as an additional educational unit would be its accessibility, in marked contrast to Arcadia Marsh, which, because of high water and shores of deep mud, is far from ideal as a study area for youngsters.

During the summer months Walter Sibley, of Westfield, and Robert Kendall, of Southampton, spent many hours at Arcadia recording the songs of birds and other sounds in nature. They also took many photographs, both in color and black and white. Some of these caught the high spirits of the Wild-wood campers at the buffalo roast and evening campfire held during their overnight visit to Arcadia. The lusty young voices raised in song around the blazing campfire were also recorded. Perhaps the vision of the blazing campfire and happy youngsters can be brought by the recording to the members of the Society at the time of the Annual Meeting.

It always seems a pity that the use of the Sanctuary has to be curtailed during the open season on waterfowl, but the management of Arcadia as a refuge makes this action necessary. Thus it regretfully has to be announced that Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary will be closed to visitors on Saturdays during sixty consecutive days, or the two periods of twenty-seven days, of the open season on waterfowl announced by the Secretary of the Interior. The Division of Fisheries and Game of the Massachusetts Department of Natural Resources will announce the opening and closing dates and its choice of consecutive days or a split season. The bag limit remains the same as last year — four a day and eight in possession — but the season is lengthened by five days over last year. The open season is also liberalized by allowing shooting until sunset, instead of having it end one hour before sunset. Let us hope the Secretary of the Interior and the Massachusetts officials concerned realize that they are dealing with a migratory wildlife resource which belongs as much to the multitude of people who get a recreational value from this natural resource, without in any way diminishing it, as it does to the minority who pay a small fee to obtain the right to harvest a stipulated portion of it.

When vacations are all over, we most likely will no longer get the scattering of names and addresses on the Sanctuary register from far-off places. Compensation will come, however, from the return of visitors from neighboring towns who seek peace and relaxation amid the natural beauties Arcadia spreads before them.

EDWIN A. MASON

PLEASANT VALLEY. The summer program at Pleasant Valley started earlier this year than ever before when, on June 22, we first met with our new group called the Pleasant Valley Explorers Club. This activity was so successful that I should like to devote most of this report to its program, but I shall first briefly sketch other happenings of the summer.

The four regular sessions of the Day Camp under Mrs. Arlia Bailey's direction, with the assistance of Miss Olivia Cloyes, went off smoothly, as always. Never before have we seen such good terraria or such fine plaster casts of raccoon tracks. A new type of peanut butter feeder and a large number of birdhouses were constructed this year. Bird-banding and migration were given new emphasis, and of course each group had its beaver trip and various hikes over our beautiful trails to little frequented parts of the Sanctuary.

A large number of summer camp groups were given guided trips, Chan Fulton or the director leading. Many other groups and individuals visited the Sanctuary, and we had visitors at all hours of the day, especially on week ends.

Bird life did not offer much in the way of the spectacular. There were no Egrets, and the Pileateds kept their distance most of the summer. Sapsuckers were seen in June and July, which suggested a nesting pair on the Sanctuary. However, there is always a good breeding population of birds here, and our feeding campaign was especially successful this summer. Many a visitor saw the Ruby-throats that we lured to our museum windows with the Gstell's plastic hummingbird feeders. The Beavers moved out of the pond in which they worked so hard last year and disappeared downstream from our bridge and trails, so that they have been rarely seen by our visitors this summer. This happens from time to time. Next year we hope they will return to a spot where they can be more readily watched.

The Trailside Museum has been kept in tiptop condition by all of us, but particular credit goes to Chan Fulton, who set up a fine exhibit on "How Soil Is Made" and who labored long and hard at the drudgery of keeping the live exhibits looking fresh and new. Melville Thomason also had a big hand in the museum. Thousands of people enjoyed the antics of Beelzebub, our Saw-whet Owl, and of Salome, our Screech Owl, and, what is more important, they learned something of the good that owls do. They watched the bees, the live insects, amphibians, and reptiles; they studied the plants and they worked the electric games. The two fine photo exhibits, one by Torrey Jackson, of Marblehead, and the other by Edward Brigham, Director of the Kingman Museum, of Battle Creek, Michigan, also attracted much attention.

And now we come back to the Explorers Club. For years we had regretted that our Day Camp did nothing for the campers after they reached the age of fourteen. This year we had such a fine group of older boys who were keenly interested in birds that we just had to do something, and the Explorers Club was the outcome. Ten of our former day campers were picked for this group, which was led by the director and by Chan Fulton with assistance from Mrs. Bailey when she wasn't busy with Day Camp preparations.

The program of the club placed special emphasis on bird life, though all other forms of living things were studied, also woodcraft. A sleeve patch was designed and a credit system worked out, with the plan that every boy would get this emblem, and for the outstanding and ambitious boys there were triangles of green felt which could be earned and added to the sleeve patch. Needless to say, a considerable number of these triangles were awarded.

The first day augured well, for a visit to the Pittsfield Country Club produced the elusive Pileated Woodpeckers near their nest site, and a visit to another spot a pair of Sapsuckers feeding their young.

The second day was devoted to visiting a bog to collect some bog plants for the museum. The boys weren't sure that they would care very much about this, but once they got their feet wet and saw such interesting plants as the grass pink, sundews, pitcher plants, and others, they became enthusiastic.

Wednesday and Thursday found the club on an overnight hike to Mt. Greylock. All the specialties among the birds were seen and viewed by the boys to their hearts' content. Steaks were roasted on the coals, but the real highlight of the trip was the Barred Owl that we called in over our heads and that ignored us and our flashlights, that hooted and called so close it seemed as if we could reach out and touch him.

Friday the group stayed at the Sanctuary to make a survey of a small area, with a view to gaining at least a slight comprehension of its ecology. Many specimens were collected and brought back to the workshop for study or identification.

The next week started with an overnight at October Mountain. It was very hot, but several swims kept us from wilting. A great deal of attention was given to passing various "achievements" that the boys were working on. On Monday night, individual chicken dinners were broiled in aluminum foil, with varying degrees of success because of the fact that the foil is not puncture-proof. Around the campfire that night we found that one of our explorers is a talented story teller. The next morning we really set out to explore the area. One group circled the pond and another cut cross-country for a considerable distance. Each group saw new birds and plants to study.

Wednesday the explorers visited Brielman Swamp in Pittsfield in search of rails and waterfowl, and in addition to these a Pileated Woodpecker alighted on a dead snag and waited for us all to get an excellent view of him through the telescope.

Thursday was a work day at the Sanctuary, devoted to passing "achievements" and to finishing various projects. On Friday we had a Treasure Hunt, which actually was a test of what the boys had learned. It was a closely contested race to the end of the trail, where an old leg bone of a horse awaited the lucky fellow who won. We all had a good laugh and a candy bar when it was over and then returned to have a picnic supper with the parents who had assembled in our absence, for the Explorers Club, pack-jammed as it was with activity, had come to an end. It would be hard to say who enjoyed the two weeks most, the boys or their leaders. It is rarely that a leader can pick his group and be fortunate enough to get such a fine and enthusiastic group as we did.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

COOK'S CANYON. Those of you who have ever visited Cook's Canyon during July or August understand its reputation for activity. The Natural Science Workshop students this season had the privilege of attending the dedication of the Grace Dickinson Workshop and the Florence Read Dining Hall. This impressive service was also attended by a goodly number of Audubon members and local friends.

One of the many challenging projects which the workshop enrollees devised was the investigation and evaluation of the Sanctuary's birdhouses. In this study Mr. Hildreth found that only three houses out of two dozen were being used by birds. For those interested, a full report on the project will be available at the Sanctuary as soon as all the data is evaluated.

During the preparation week between Workshop and Wildwood, the staff and Sooty, the Crow, were interviewed on tape and presented over WTAG, Worcester. While being interviewed about crafts, Mrs. Miner mentioned the need for empty "Skippy" type peanut butter jars. As a direct result of the broadcast we received some jars, but the consumption of them each summer is great. You, too, can help the crafts program by bringing wide-mouthed jars to the Sanctuary or to Audubon House.

The three sessions of Wildwood literally left their mark on the Sanctuary. Campers created trails, cleared old ones, submitted names, located nesting birds, and set up nature craft projects for year-round display in the Grace Dickinson Workshop. The benefits of three of these projects will accrue to the Sanctuary for many seasons: the plans for a hummingbird planting along the new cedar fence; the turtle pit and snake island near the ledges; and the demonstration forestry area set up in the pine plantation near the oval. Look for these accomplishments on your next visit to Barre.

Over sixty-five species of birds were found on the Sanctuary this summer. Most significant were the Pileated Woodpecker in the canyon, seen only by a few, and the pair of Rose-breasted Grosbeaks at the window feeders, seen by everyone. After August 1, even the faithful Purple Finches departed and left the feeders deserted except for an occasional English Sparrow or local Rock Dove. With the coming of September, more birds may be seen — Hummers near the beautiful spider plants, Goldfinches near the thistles, and Black-poll Warblers in the woods.

The lawns and shrubs have suffered from the dry spell and even the leaves are falling from the trees in the canyon, a month early. Though this serious drought may lessen the beauty of the foliage, we hope many friends and supporters will visit us during the fall months.

DAVID R. MINER

IPSWICH RIVER. It is impossible to crowd into the allotted space all of the enjoyable experiences of the past summer. Little glimpses, or eye pictures, will best recall the months of May through August.

In the early morning sunlight an Indigo Bunting perches in a pinkshell azalea. Wonderful Woodcock sky-dances in the quiet dusk of May evenings. Later, there is the low conversation of a pair of Barred Owls beneath the hill. A new "first" for the Sanctuary as a Black Tern in full breeding plumage, insecting, courses over the flooded river meadows with the swallows. A gorgeous Baltimore Oriole sings in the fragrant white lilacs. An Osprey hovers over the Rockery pond. Comes the rollicking song of the Bobolink as he sways in a clump of yellow mustard plant on the hilltop field. The smell of the musky, pungent wild cherry blossoms in the rain. Reddish upright flowers of the white fir, like little candles, against the blue sky — a foreground of stone wall and pink horse chestnut.

The Rockery planting was at its best in years. The bright and bold masses of color of the rhododendrons and azaleas blended with the subtle fringe trees, enkianthus, and laburnums. There was no finer display of flowering trees and shrubs north of Boston.

Only two American Egrets graced the river marsh this summer. Cardinal flower reflected its glory in the still river. Joe-pye weed and purple loosestrife offered fare to many insects. A great Blue Heron flew low over the marsh. A Kingfisher cruised his stretch of the river, not unlike a law enforcement officer

in his blue-gray uniform, his "rattling" a warning as he patrolled his fishing rights. Black-crowned Night Herons quawked at our intrusion. Deer and Coon tracks patterned the mud. Turtles laid their eggs in the gravel roads, and Skunks uncovered them in the night for a feast.

Our infirmary, as usual, welcomed a constant stream of injured birds. One well-meaning soul had even doctored the eye of a young Tree Swallow with murine (I would not recommend its use). Two young orioles were our most charming patients, and long after they had been discharged they insisted on alighting on the shoulders of visitors and demanding a handout. Tiny Tim, a diminutive Scarlet Tanager, could outeat all other ward patients. To the joy of the day campers, a three-months-old Screech Owl that we released in the hemlock woods came back five days later and spent another month with us. Perched during the day in either the old water tower or a pear tree, he hissed every time we chanced by, and promptly at dusk he would appear on the doorstep and scold until we handed out a bit of horsemeat, which I am sure our dog begrudged. This act was repeated every evening, and, although we were glad when he eventually gave us up, we missed his persistent visits. After probable Red Squirrel depredation, the same Saw-whet Owl found on the Sanctuary in the spring, or another individual, successfully reared four young, and on June 10, when they were about thirty days old, I banded them — cute little gnomish creatures.

Our Thursday evening Sanctuary Walks in May and June were a great success. From 60 to 125 people of all ages walked the trails. Guest leaders pointed out bird and plant life for their enjoyment and knowledge. Day Camp had another successful season.

The glorious days of October offer a wonderful opportunity to enjoy the out-of-doors, and the many miles of quiet trails will again, we hope, see many visitors.

ELMER FOYE

MOOSE HILL. Like almost all seasons at a sanctuary the summer was short, regrettably short, and the program of activities such a full and interesting one that it came to an end all too quickly. Were it not for the lull that descended upon the day camp workshop with the departure of the campers the gradual passing of another season might not be immediately apparent. There are other signs, however, equally portentous and unmistakable. The fruits on one of our dogwoods are assuming a size and color that readily serves to identify it as a corneliancherry dogwood. There is an observable paling of the leaves on the elms and butternuts and the first few have already fallen. Freed from the parental responsibilities of rearing young, there appears to be renewed activity among the birds about the residence and feeders, and the population of Chickadees, Chewinks, and Mourning Doves is again in the ascendancy. Perhaps only a few days more and some of the early migrants will prompt us to page the Peterson plates purporting to make the fall plumages of wood warblers less confusing. After dark the grassy podium of earth dins to the measured beat of the orthopteron segment of the insect orchestra. And still further signs point to the waning season.

During the weeks just past the Sanctuary was a place where over a hundred boy and girl day campers came to know and experience the joys of discovery, of finding out that nature interests and activities are fun and exciting. This year a record number of young naturalists probed trails, meadows, and ponds for Scarlet Tanagers, Indigo Buntings, silver-spotted fritillaries,

red admirals, pink russulas, rattlesnake plantain, divining-rod witch hazel, and water scorpions. Their manual talents were focused on the construction of materials closely correlated with the guided field trips. Collecting dragonflies, especially the large fast-flying species dubbed "B-36" by the campers, was preceded by a delightful introduction to the art of threading the eye of a needle and making fast the bag to the frame of the insect net. The sight of a Bluebird was ample motivation for wielding a few simple tools in the interest of a bluebird house for next spring's arrivals. The mittens of the sassafras, the truncate tip of the leaf of the tulip tree, and the talkative character of the aspen provided basic inspiration for the creation of leaf plaques, high contrast blue prints, and ammoniated ozalid prints.

With as many as forty campers attending a single session, the limited physical facilities of the Sanctuary were extended with difficulty, but the campers' enthusiasm and response to the program of field trips and related crafts was most gratifying to parents, visitors, and staff alike. To meet the needs of so many pairs of inquiring eyes and ears, this year's day camp staff was enlarged to include, in addition to the Sanctuary director, Trailmaster Fred Cushing, Mrs. Jeanne Hill of the Norfolk public schools, and Harry Levi and Emmett Cleveland of the Audubon teaching staff. Despite an incontrovertible penchant for stealing campers' sandwiches, the role of camp mascot was very creditably performed by Lotor, the Sanctuary's disarming pet Raccoon.

Many visiting groups from the Massapoag Lake area and neighboring towns enjoyed the Moose Hill trails and facilities. The most popular destination was the fire tower, where Mr. Sawyer, the warden, was very helpful in putting across "Smokey's" message of forest fire prevention. An especially interested group was an outdoor activities class under the direction of Dr. John G. Read, of Boston University. In marked contrast to last summer, the weather was generally favorable and there were few cancelled trips.

Sharing honors as outstanding avian attraction with Sad Sack, the amiable young Great Horned Owl, was Rex, the Kingbird. After recuperation from a wing injury, Rex delighted observers with his fondness for perching on head and shoulders of unsuspecting visitors.

A final reminder of summer's exit is brought to mind by the fact that volunteer Larry Newcomb, of Needham, is again back at work renovating the Sanctuary wild flower garden. It's all part of his way of spending a vacation, and we think the idea a splendid one.

ALFRED W. BUSSEWITZ

Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

- October 1-18. Continuation of Second Annual Berkshire Art Show.
- October 1-22. Photographs by Ansel Adams.
- October 4, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Fall Foliage Outing of New England Camera Club Council, guests of Berkshire Museum Camera Club.
- October 10, 10:15 a.m. 175th Nature Hour for children, opening program of 1953 season. Sponsored by Berkshire Museum and Massachusetts Audubon Society.
- October 14, 8 p.m. Berkshire Museum Camera Club. Talk by Clemens Kalischer, of New York.
- October 17, 3 p.m. Free movie-lecture for children, "Animals at Night," by Howard Cleaves.
- October 17-24, 7 and 9 p.m., Saturday, 2:30. Little Cinema. "Hans Christian Andersen." Other events to be announced.

Bird Photo Quiz

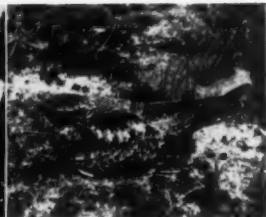
BY HUGO H. SCHRODER



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The six bird portraits on this page are all of well-known birds. Can you identify them from their pictures? Below is a brief description which may help in the bird's identification; four names are given with each portrait; one is the correct name.

Number One. Mother is pausing a moment to stuff a morsel into baby's mouth; could this be a Field Sparrow, a Chipping Sparrow, a Swamp Sparrow, or a Vesper Sparrow?

Number Two. This mother bird is often at home near water; would you say it was a Song Sparrow, a Yellow-headed Blackbird, a Starling, or a Red-wing?

Number Three. This ground-nesting bird destroys numerous insects; is it a Whip-poor-will, a Poor-will, a Nighthawk, or a Chuck-will's-widow?

Number Four. This bird often nests with many others of its kind in colonies; would you say it is a Yellow-crowned Night Heron, a Black-crowned Night Heron, a Little Blue Heron, or a Glossy Ibis?

Number Five. Though this is a lone specimen, this duck is sometimes known as a Raft Duck; could this be a Canvas-back, a Redhead, a Lesser Scaup, or an American Golden-eye?

Number Six. This jaunty fellow is having himself a swim; what is your guess? Is it a Blue Goose, a Canada Goose, a White-fronted Goose, or a Hutchin's Goose?

The correct answers will be found with the Field Notes in this *Bulletin*.



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Small Mammals of Arcadia

I. Introduction

BY B. ELIZABETH HORNER AND DORCAS L. EASON

*Illustrations
by*

KATHLEEN TAYLOR



PERHAPS not one person in a thousand realizes the variety and abundance of the small mammals living in his own locality. Many naturalists, even, are far less familiar with the small mammals of an area than with its birds, insects, and plant life. This seems odd in view of the fact that the mammals residing on an acre of woodland or grassland may far outnumber the birds of that same area, but it is not so odd when one compares the habits of the animals themselves. Most of the birds are active by day, and many of those which are active chiefly at night give evidence of their identification and whereabouts by their characteristic noises. Our small mammals, on the other hand, tend to be most active at night, traveling about even then in a quiet, secretive manner.

How, then, do we find out what these mammals are and how they spend their lives? Are they active only at night, or do they have occasional daytime sprees? What do they eat? Who are their enemies? How far do they travel? How long do they live? What are their social systems? When are their young born? How many young are there? How soon are these youngsters on their own? To what extent do the various kinds of mammals avoid one another? How specific are their habitat requirements? What, if any, is their economic importance to man?

In an attempt to answer at least some of these questions, several of the students and staff of the Zoology Department at Smith College have for the past few years been conducting a survey of the small mammal population of the Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, Northampton, Massachusetts, a property of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. The methods of study fall into two general categories: first, careful observation of such clues to mammalian activity as are given by footprints, runways, fecal remains, and parts of skeletons found in owl pellets; and, secondly, live-trapping of the mammals themselves. The traps employed are small box traps into which the animals are lured either by the bait used or by the location of the trap along an animal's avenue of travel. The traps are well supplied with food and nesting material and are so constructed as to capture the animal without injuring it. An enticing bait is prepared from such ingredients as rolled oats, peanut butter, sunflower seeds, and corn. Traps are checked at least twice a day, preferably once early in the morning and again in the late afternoon or early evening. Such a trapping schedule,



not only safeguards animals from remaining needlessly long in the traps and thereby becoming exposed to the dangers of lack of water or food or some other factor, but also gives information regarding the general activity periods of the animals trapped.

The captured animals are marked and released unharmed at the place of capture. They are marked, in most species, by notching the margins of the ears. Notching the ears of the animals apparently does not hurt them and certainly causes them no inconvenience. It constitutes a harmless method of ready identification; and by means of simple combinations of notches at definite locations on the two ears, animals can be numbered from 1 to 399 without duplication. Subsequent recapture of marked animals gives additional information regarding their ways in nature; and many of the animals are taken so often that they seem, to a mammalogist at least, almost to be writing their own biographies. Complete records are kept of the number and location of all traps set, of the species, sex, approximate age, breeding condition, and location of all animals captured, and of relevant data on weather conditions and the like.

The small mammals caught at Arcadia include the following species: White-footed Mice, Meadow Mice, Short-tailed Shrews, House Rats, House Mice, and Jumping Mice. Of these the White-footed Mice have been taken in the greatest numbers. Trapped also in considerable numbers were Meadow Mice and Short-tailed Shrews, the remaining forms were less commonly captured. It does not necessarily follow, of course, that White-footed Mice are the most abundant small mammals of *every* locality in this region of Massachusetts, or even of the Sanctuary itself; for trapping in any area which includes more than one type of habitat shows that animals exhibit certain habitat preferences. The White-footed Mice, for example, are most likely to be taken



in woodland and adjacent areas of brush; whereas Meadow Mice are restricted largely to meadowland. The Short-tailed Shrews seem less discriminating in their local distribution, and the House Mice and House Rats tend to remain close to barns and other buildings. In general, the greater the number of kinds of habitat available in a given region, the greater will be the number of species trapped; and the Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, with its several types of habitat, might well be expected to constitute a highly desirable region for trapping.

The trapping records now available not only indicate that this expectation has been met, but they give us a wealth of interesting information about the private lives of our very abundant, though naturally shy, outdoor neighbors. Some of these private lives, or life histories, will be treated more fully in later issues of the *Bulletin*.

Life history studies of our common small mammals are a favorite research

subject with many mammalogists; and though much is known on the subject, much more is still to be learned. The study of small mammals is just as exciting to the amateur as to the professional. Employing nothing more expensive or otherwise inaccessible than patience, careful observation, a bit of homemade equipment, and a few library books, anyone, anywhere, may become a mammalogist by avocation just as so many become ornithologists. The Sanctuaries offer a wealth of material in both fields, and it is hoped that the forthcoming articles will serve as an introduction to some of our "wee" and "tim'rous beasties."

Who are the investigators?

1. Mary Alice Kean, Smith '49. Later affiliated with first the Carnegie Museum and then the American Museum of Natural History. Now, as Mrs. David R. Reynolds, living in Tokyo with her husband, she arranges for the exchange of specimens between the American Museum and the Natural History Museum of Tokyo.
2. Roberdeau Gallery, Smith '49. Returned to Smith in '49-'50 for an M. A. in zoology. As Mrs. Arthur B. DuBois she has since served as a nature counselor for both the Girl Scouts of Rochester and the Children's Museum of Boston.
3. J. Mary Taylor, Smith '52. M.A., '53, from the University of California at Berkeley and now teaching zoology at Connecticut College. It is Mary's mother, Mrs. A. L. Taylor, who has so kindly prepared the illustrative material for this article.
4. Dorcas L. Eason, senior zoology major at Smith. Has spent one summer at the National Audubon Camp in California, another at the University of Wyoming Science Camp, and still others at the American Museum of Natural History.
5. B. Elizabeth Horner, Zoology Department at Smith. Ph.D. from the University of Michigan and particularly interested in the behavior of small mammals.
6. Ernest C. Driver, Zoology Department at Smith. Ph.D. from the University of Illinois and a first-rate naturalist from whom all of the above have received friendly counsel.

The field studies at the Arcadia Sanctuary have been facilitated in many ways by its Director, Edwin A. Mason; and it is a pleasure to be able to acknowledge here the cordial hospitality and coöperative interest of both him and his family.

From Our Correspondence

Crossbill Visitation

"August 11, 1953, while driving up the road of the Albany Intervale, accessible from Conway, New Hampshire, by a route winding between Mt. Chocorua and Moat Mt., . . . we heard a continuous and most pleasing chorus from the tamaracks and other conifers which border the way more or less for its fourteen miles. We discovered that the entire valley was enjoying a visitation of groups of White-winged Crossbills and Red Crossbills, each company containing some thirty or forty birds.

I would say that we counted roughly some three hundred individuals of both sexes, and their chorus resounded above us as we passed along, like myriads of hylas trilling in the spring. These birds were most wary and while we picnicked in the yard of the old Passaconaway Inn, closed at the present, they would come down in groups to feed in the drive upon crumbs we had scattered, but upon the slightest movement would rise with a whirr of wings into the tamaracks . . . The cones are very thick in this section."

Georgetown, Mass. Harry W. Poor

New Director of Sales and Service



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Miss Ivy LeMon, of Boston, is the new director of sales and service for the Massachusetts Audubon Society, with headquarters at Audubon House. Although she has been in this region only four years, she has been most actively interested in the Massachusetts Audubon Society, has taken several of our bird courses, and led the group in the Boston area this past season which carried on the project of bird-watching across the moon in co-operation with the University of Louisiana.

Miss LeMon has been interested in the out-of-doors ever since, as a young girl, she hunted and fished with her father in the West. After attending the University of Washington, where she took courses in marine biology, with a friend she went into the wholesale sporting goods business and for thirteen years the two young women traveled from Canada to Mexico in the promotion of their business. During this period they camped outdoors, frequently ate the food they caught, and were used to roughing it.

At the beginning of World War II, Miss LeMon and her partner went to work for an oil refinery, each managing two service stations and carrying on the shipping of their sporting goods at the same time. Later they decided they wanted to do more for their country in this emergency and joined the armed services. Miss LeMon was an air traffic director for the Air Force, working for the Army and Civil Aeronautics and stationed mostly in the Gulf States area of the Southeastern Training Command.

At the close of the war she resumed her business in Seattle, and two years later decided to come East. In Boston she represented The United States Glass Company in the gift department of Jordan Marsh Company, but as she became more and more interested in birds she decided to cast her lot with the Massachusetts Audubon Society if opportunity offered. Opportunity came when Miss Anita Qualey, for several years receptionist at Audubon House and later in charge of sales and service, resigned her position to be married. Miss LeMon has already met many members of the Society on field trips and campouts, as well as at annual meetings, and looks forward to greeting many more as they visit 155 Newbury Street.

Our School Bird Feeder

BY RICHARD CUNNINGHAM, *Prospect School, Beverly*

Our feeder was made by two boys in our room. We placed it on our classroom window sill which is on the second story. The feeder has two stories. For the first few weeks birds came only on week ends when children weren't there. Finally they began to come while we were there but would go quickly. Now they come all the time and don't seem afraid at all. Pine Siskins visit us all the time. We have also seen a Starling, Goldfinches, and House Sparrows. Sometimes twelve Pine Siskins are in or on the feeder at once.

From the Editors' Sanctum

"Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch to the hard-wood trees; . . .
A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down
From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp."

From *The Joys of the Road*, by Bliss Carmen

Once more the pageant of summer is past and the cool bracing air of autumn calls us forth to the Open Road. Though the autumnal migration of the birds has not the color of the northward movement, there are still many interesting travelers passing through on their way to their southern wintering places, and others are arriving for a season of chill New England winter. The waysides are still bright with a multitude of asters and goldenrods. Although most of the swamp maples have lost their brilliant foliage, the even more showy sugar maples are at their spectacular best, and the hardy oaks are donning their crimson and purple and russet liveries. The crickets, katydids, and their kin chirp merrily despite the cold nights which will soon put a stop to their orchestrations.

This is a good time of year to get acquainted with Old Mother Nature and her children. The very fact that there is not as great a variety among the birds or wild flowers makes it easier for the beginner to learn to distinguish them. The study of seeds and their methods of dispersal is an intriguing one. And as the leaves drop with the early frosts, birds' nests appear in unsuspected locations, cocoons hang pendant from the spicebush twigs or make streamlined silken swellings on bare branches of trees whose naked forms assume a beauty hidden from us in the lush greenery of summer.

Autumn is a very busy time for our staff of a score of enthusiastic teachers who are bringing our courses in Conservation and Natural Science to thousands of receptive children in the schools of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It is an inspiration to us older workers at Audubon House to watch the zeal of these young men and women, the eagerness with which they absorb new teaching methods and material, the devotion they give to their work. And the results of their excellent instruction become more and more evident, not only in the pupils' appreciation of the meaning of Conservation and in their recognition of the beauty inherent in our natural surroundings, but also in the attitude of the parents and others whose interest is being aroused and stimulated by these new interests of the children. Evidence of this adult awakening is frequently brought to our attention at Audubon House through the letters we receive, the visitors we welcome, and the new members whose first contact with the Massachusetts Audubon Society has been through the medium of our educational work in the four hundred odd classes now being taught by our staff members.

The need for this conservation teaching is great. Our vast natural resources are still being depleted recklessly. Our parks and recreation places are still being marred by vandalism. Our roadsides are disgracefully littered with the castoffs of a pleasure-loving but thoughtlessly selfish people. It is an open question how long some of our game species can survive under the present hunting pressure. Threats of punishment have little effect; education is the only solution. Education in the beauty of unspoiled Nature. Education in the importance of Conservation in its widest sense. Education in the needlessness of the waste caused by soil erosion, water pollution, overgrazing, forest fires, over-hunting, overfishing, reckless gathering of wild flowers and ferns, and all the other ways by which our heritage of wild life is being destroyed.

The Massachusetts Audubon Society is taking a very definite part in educating our fellow citizens in this important field of our knowledge. To carry on this program and to widen its sphere of action we need more members, more representation on parent-teacher associations and other civic groups, more backing of interested teachers, school principals, superintendents, and school committees. Will YOU do your part in helping to spread our gospel of "CONSERVATION IN ACTION"?

J. B. M.

"So Much for So Little"

Visual Aids

In practically every field of endeavor today, but especially in education and industry, visual aids are employed and universally recognized as an effective means of promotion. Individuals of all ages and conditions respond to the eye appeal, and there is no limit, it would seem, to what may be accomplished by judicious use of these methods. The Massachusetts Audubon Society has made full provision for spreading the knowledge of conservation needs and inviting wide participation in its work through this medium. From the beginning our school courses adopted visual aids to illustrate the principles being taught. Each year an increasing number of organizations are helped to a better understanding of the conservation movement by illustrated Audubon lectures. Our several wildlife sanctuaries throughout the State are unexcelled as a means of interesting the public in our aims, as well as in demonstrating conservation measures. And what shall we say of the *Bulletin* as a Number One visual aid in attracting members to the Society and in stimulating conservation interest? Have you recently passed your copy to someone with this in mind?

The summer months have been most fruitful in bringing new friends into the Society, and we extend a warm welcome to all. Forty-five of our members have changed their membership status into higher brackets during the past three months, which we genuinely appreciate, and we shall welcome still others.

*Transferred from Active Membership

**Transferred from Supporting Membership

***Transferred from Contributing Membership

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Kettell, Russell H., Lexington
Keyes, Donald, Rye, N. Y.
Kinnie, Mrs. John F., Jr.,

Waterbury, Conn.

Kimber, Mrs. Wilfred, Monson
Knowlton, Mrs. Dorothy B., Gardner
Krechler, Mrs. Alfred B., Pittsfield
Kusik, Mrs. Charles, Richmond
Larsen, Wilbert A., Pittsfield
Laurence, Mrs. Paul, Cambridge
Leonard, Miss Florence J.,

Orange, N. J.

Lewis, Mrs. Rudolph A., Pittsfield
Lochiatto, Pasquale, East Boston
Lodge, Mrs. John, Tifton, Ga.
Lomasney, Mrs. Thomas M., Peabody
Long, Miss Patricia, Framingham
Longley, R. I., Jr., Springfield
Loring, Mrs. Charles A., Annisquam
Loughlin, Bruce, Needham
Lowe, John H., Boston
Lund, Miss Muriel H., Canton
Lynch, J. H., Wellesley Hills
Mabardi, Edward P., Dorchester
MacFadyen, Mrs. Kenneth, Pittsfield

Magoun, Miss Maud, E. Bridgewater
Margeson, Dr. Harold L., Melrose
Marks, Mrs. Louis M., Newton Ctr.
Marshall, Mrs. Edward W., Weston
Mathews, Kent W., Lowell
Mausner, Mrs. Bernard, Amherst
McCarthy, Lewis B., New Castle, N. H.
McCullough, Joseph, Reading
McDermott, James, Holyoke
McGill, Chester W., Wellesley Hills
McKenney, Edward, Roslindale
McLaughlin, Mrs. Edward M.,

Dorchester

McLeod, Mrs. Johnston L., Hingham
McMorris, Mrs. W. A., Pittsfield
Melville, Dean Elsbeth, Boston
Merlis, Mrs. J. K., Framingham
Michelson, Elmer B., Cambridge
Miller, Kelton B., Pittsfield
Miller, Miss Margo, Pittsfield
Miller, Mark C., Pittsfield
Miller, Michael G., Pittsfield
Mills, Miss Dana, Quincy
Morris, Miss Anne, Wellesley Hills
Morrison, Mrs. D. W., Pittsfield
Morrison, Mrs. Howard A., Winchester
Moss, Leonard G., Lincoln
Mudge, G. O., Ipswich
Muhlhauser, Mrs. F. P., Cambridge
Mumma, James B., Framingham
Myhrall, Miss Bessie, Harwich Port
Nelson, Mrs. Olin K., Lexington
Nickerson, Otis H., Roslindale
Nightingale, Miss Laura, Buzzards Bay
Nutting, Miss Gladys B., Worcester
O'Gara, Mrs. Roger, Pittsfield
Oliver, Leslie M., Jamaica Plain
Oliver, Miss Sarah L., Worcester
O'Neil, Archie J., Marblehead
Orton, Mrs. Samuel T., Jr., Lunenburg
Osgood, Dr. Herman A., Boston
Paine, Mrs. David, Waltham
Pais, Anthony J., Jr., S. Natick
Parker, Robert A., Greenland, N. H.
Passebois, Miss Herminie E., Melrose
Peck, Irving H., Stockbridge
Peck, Mrs. Irving H., Stockbridge
Perkins, Mrs. William, E. Bridgewater
Peters, Mrs. John L. D., Gt. Barrington
Pevear, Mrs. Harold R., Harwich Port
Pierce, Mrs. W. Harding, Hudson
Pierson, Mrs. Earl W.,

Waterbury, Conn.

Porter, Miss Ruth, Beverly
Prosser, Capt. Albert L., Springvale, Me.
Pyles, Jeral, Holyoke
Ramsdell, George T., Abington
Reaves, Mrs. Paul, S. Sudbury
Rice, Miss Mabel, Harwich Port
Richardson, Jay Carlson, Athol
Richmond, Mrs. J. B., Dover
Roaf, Major Gordon W.,

Marblehead Neck

Robb, Mrs. F. N., Westport Point
Rodenhaven, Mrs. Arthur,

Needham Hgts.

Rodenhaven, Donald, Needham Hgts.
Roesler, Mrs. M. Stuart,
Cos Cob, Conn.

Rogers, Ralph V., III, Cambridge
Rook, Wilbur, Wellesley Hills
Russell, John W., N. Andover
Sacco, Dini, Norwood
Salander, Robert, W. Roxbury
Sargent, David, Peabody
Sargent, Mrs. L. Manlius, Weston
Sauter, M. H., Pittsfield
Saxe, A. Howard, Morristown, N. J.
Saxton, K. C., Greenfield
Schwager, Mrs. Solomon, Pittsfield
Seuss, Miss Minna O., Boston
Shaw, Miss Sally, Steuben, Me.
Sherwood, Mrs. Grover C., S. Hadley
Shine, Miss Elizabeth, Boston
Shulman, Mrs. Irving, Pittsfield
Sibley, Miss Louise, Worcester
Sillocks, Mrs. Henry, New York, N. Y.
Simm, Mrs. Fred E., Belmont
Sinopoli, Mrs. Louis, Pittsfield
Sly, Mrs. Allan B., N. Quincy
Smith, Miss Dorothy W., Leicester
Smith, Mrs. Grace V., Melrose
Smith, Gregory, Marblehead
Smith, Mrs. Philip S., Leicester
Southworth, Lyon, Lexington
Southworth, Mrs. Lyon, Lexington
Spencer, Robert S., Pittsfield
Spurr, Miss Margery, Franconia, N. H.
Stackpole, J. Lewis, II, Wayland
Steed, Miss Hazel M., Beverly
Stehling, John F., Jr., Pittsfield
Stokes, James A., Las Vegas, Nevada
Stoklosa, John M., Needham
Stotler, Thomas, Arlington
Stowe, Peter H., Cambridge
Stratham Unity Woman's Club,
Stratham, N. H.
Street, Miss Sally, Pittsfield
Sullivan, Joseph A., Belmont
Suttle, Toby, Boston
Swift, Miss Carolyn, W. Roxbury
Taggart, Mrs. Richard, Nashua, N. H.

Tainter, Parke M., W. Springfield
Tassone, Mrs. D. A., Gt. Barrington
Thomas, Mrs. Arthur K.,
E. Bridgewater
Thomason, Miss Jocelyn Ann, Lenox
Thomason, Melville C., Lenox
Thompson, David H.,

W. Cheshire, Conn.
Tilley, Dr. Robert F., Brookline
Tousey, Mrs. Coleman,

S. Brooksville, Me.
Tyson, Miss Martha, Sherborn
Uhlendorf, Peter L., Framingham
Upping, Joseph L., Squantum
Van Riper, Mrs. Celeste C.,

Vineyard Haven
Victor, Mrs. Carl L., New York, N. Y.
Volante, Paul, Brighton
von Sneidern, Mrs. Karl, Belmont
Wagner, Ernest W., Paris, France
Walsh, Mrs. Donald, Pittsfield
Waring, Oscar J., Somerset
Warner, Joseph S., S. Lincoln
Warren School, Grade II, Grade III,
Grade IV, Grade V, Wellesley Hills
Webber, Mrs. Laurence J., N. Quincy
Webster, Warren G., Cambridge
Weidler, John B., Eastham
Weston, Mrs. Mae W., Cambridge
Wetterlow, Miss Leslie H., Winchester
Whitcomb, Pemberton,

New York, N. Y.
Wilk, Dr. Joseph A., Cheshire
Wilkinson, Orville W., Lanesboro
Wilkinson, Mrs. Randolph H., Pittsfield
Williams, Miss Alice Ann, Boston
Williams, Walter, Dennis
Wilson, Mrs. Edmund I., Auburndale
Winsor, Mrs. Murle, E. Bridgewater
Witty, Mrs. Virginia S., Lynn
Wood, Clarence M., Danvers
Wright, Carleton Fay, Plymouth
Wronski, Miss Monetta, Holyoke
Yanikuny, Miss Mary E.,
Waterbury, Conn.

Audubon Field Trips

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13. To Newburyport, Artichoke, and other points in Essex County, for late migrants. Leaders: Dr. William E. Davis and Miss Eleanor E. Barry.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22. To Newburyport and Cape Ann. Leaders: C. Russell Mason and Roderic Sommers.

Unless otherwise noted, *all Audubon field trips* will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A.M. by chartered bus, returning at approximately 7:00 P. M. Fare and guide fee, \$3.00. Fee for those using private cars and following busses, 75 cents per person. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon of the Friday preceding the trip. Bring your own lunch.

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions

Books reviewed in the *Bulletin* may be purchased at Audubon House.

400 PLANTS OF SOUTH FLORIDA. By Julia F. Morton and R. Bruce Ledin. With 28 full-page drawings by Frank D. Benning. Text House Inc., Coral Gables, Fla. 1952. 434 pages. \$3.50.



A Florida Butterfly Orchid

Unlike many books which treat of native or introduced plants — few include both — this volume describes more than four hundred trees, vines, shrubs, and herbaceous plants, both introduced and native, which are found regularly in the gardens of South Florida, as well as some of the more noteworthy wild plants found along the roadside, on the beaches, or on the Florida keys.

To cover in one book every plant found in Florida would require a volume too large for easy reference. This book, with simplified descriptions and excellent drawings, attempts, in condensed form, to acquaint the visitor to Florida with some of the important characteristics of plant forms now found regularly in the southern part of the State or to aid the resident of that area who would like to include some unusual varieties in his home plantings. The descriptions are arranged alphabetically under the preferred botanical names, although some of the popular common names are also included.

The authors are themselves familiar with the plants discussed, as they have studied

them in extensive collections at various Florida institutions and on field trips, and Dr. Benning's illustrations are both accurate and artistic. A feature of the book is its heavy cloth binding, impregnated for mildew and vermin resistance, and which may be cleaned with a damp sponge.

Here is a book to recommend to the prospective Florida visitor or to the permanent resident. The only addition the reviewer would suggest is a map of Florida to indicate more exactly the areas mentioned in the plant descriptions.

C. RUSSELL MASON

COLLINS POCKET GUIDE TO BRITISH BIRDS. By R. S. R. Fitter. Illustrated by R. A. Richardson. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. 1953. 240 pages. \$4.50.

The fact that this new Pocket Guide to British Birds has a most complimentary Foreword by Peter Scott, and that the manuscript was read by James Fisher, should be sufficient grounds for its recommendation to our members. The author is assistant editor of the *Countryman* and has written *London's Birds*. The artist is warden of the Cley Bird Observatory in Norfolk. Mr. Richardson's color illustrations remind us considerably of those by Don Eckelberry in the *Audubon Bird Guides* by Richard Pough and are of high caliber throughout. In addition, he has provided excellent black and white plates of many groups of birds arranged for similarity of pattern, and many of them as seen in flight. Also, scattered through the volume, are black and white sketches helping to identify species closely related as to pattern, such as wagtails and shrikes. As an aid in judging size, a silhouette of the House Sparrow is imposed upon each color plate.

Mr. Fitter has departed from the present-day method of arranging the birds according to family and, instead, has grouped them according to habitat — as land, waterside, and water birds — and within each of these groups the birds are further divided into eight length groups, ranging from very short to huge. This is a return to some degree to certain of the older books published in this country which proved very useful to the amateur bird-watchers of an earlier generation.

In the color illustrations, the birds are also grouped according to color and size, which makes for comparatively easy identification from field work but is a little confusing when looking up species where

REVIEWS, Continued

the sexes are quite different in color, or where the immature birds are not the same color pattern as the parents.

Not all species found in the British Isles have been included. Full description is given only of those which have been recorded fifty or more times, and brief mention made of the species which have occurred from twenty to fifty times. Also included, desirably, are birds which have often escaped and been at large for a considerable period, or birds likely to be in this class, such as the Muscovy Duck, Black Swan, and the Budgerigar.

Various keys are provided for checking the birds on limited specific characters which may have been observed, their color and markings of plumage, structure, behavior, and habitat. There is also a migration table, with classification of species as to habitat and size.

The introduction to the book is well worth careful reading. The author warns that the amateur should not start with the idea of being able to identify every bird seen but assures that the proportion of accurate identifications increases with experience. Study of such a book as this will help train the observer in knowing what to look for, but it is also desirable to make careful notes in the field and not to trust too much to memory. The reviewer agrees with Peter Scott's comments in the Foreword when he suggests that thousands of bird-watchers new to the subject of bird study will find guidance in the *Collins Pocket Guide*, also that as they become more experienced they will still find themselves turning to it for confirmation and assistance.

C. RUSSELL MASON

THE LIFE OF THE ROBIN. By David Lack. Penguin Books, London and Baltimore. 1953. 240 pages. 7 halftones. 9 figures. 65 cents.

The Robin, Chaucer's famed "tame ruddock," an Old World bird, has been given a thoroughgoing study, based especially on field work by Mr. Lack in South Devon, England, between 1934 and 1938, with subsequent observations elsewhere incorporated in a postscript of the present third, or Pelican, edition of the Penguin Books. Observations were made on color-banded Robins, which, incidentally, come easily into traps. As a result, new information was gained, particularly about pair formation and territory.

We have, then, a study mostly of the Robin, not in the laboratory, but in the field, which is the author's predominant

interest, although he says he had to discontinue the study of the bird because of the difficulties of finding nests.

Chapter headings indicate the arrangement and scope of the work: Song, Display, Fighting, The Formation of Pairs, Courtship, The Significance of Territory, Adventures with a Stuffed Robin, Recognition, with a few others on more conventional subjects of life history material. In a postscript he not only adds the accumulation of new observations but poses problems in systematics concerning the generic standing of the bird and the validity of certain races, with conjectures about the origination of new forms — all of this being in line with his masterly *Darwin's Finches*.

Mr. Lack writes scientific information without being abstruse and ponderous, hence the publishers have risked this pocket-size Penguin Book for the layman. Interspersed through the technical material are many little polished gems from literature or folklore. Line drawings and photographs and many tables and graphs blend pleasantly with an antique woodcut of the bird in a snowy landscape.

ROBERT L. GRAYCE

SEASHORE WILDLIFE AT SEA ISLE, NEW JERSEY. By Henry H. Collins, Jr. Illustrated by Robert Verity Clem. Caribou Press, Bronxville, New York, 1953. 16 pages. Paper.

It is good to note the recognition of the wildlife attractions of a region by those responsible for its public administration. This booklet was prepared by Mr. Collins under the direction of the mayor and commissioners of the City of Sea Isle City, Cape May County, New Jersey, and these administrators must have felt that such a publication would do much to draw desirable tourists to their community, and even permanent residents.

This is one of several well got up pamphlets by Mr. Collins, all intended to popularize the birds or other wildlife of a region. Such is his "Birds of Massachusetts," published by our Society over a year ago and still available at Audubon House.

Sea Isle, in this latest pamphlet, is represented as glorying in one of the last stretches of aboriginal sand dunes on the New Jersey coast, flanked by a natural bird sanctuary. The brief descriptions cover, not only birds of the beach, water, marsh, and land, but other items of natural history interest, including mammals, reptiles, butterflies, shells, crabs and beach life, and

REVIEWS, Continued

plants. It describes Sea Isle's ten best spots for observing wildlife and indicates possible excursions by land and by water.

Rather than reprinting Peterson plates, as in earlier booklets Mr. Collins this time secured the services of Bob Clem, a promising young artist who has exhibited at Pleasant Valley's Trailside Museum and at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. His black and white drawings of birds are especially commendable, but he has also done well in illustrating sea and plant life. Photographs also add to the attractiveness of the booklet, and it should help to draw many interested in the out-of-doors to Sea Isle.

C. RUSSELL MASON

BIRDS OF MEXICO. By Emmet Reid Blake. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1953. Pages xxix, 644. \$6.00.

Here is a book that fills a long-felt need, with its comprehensive descriptions of some 967 species of birds found in Mexico and including 480 species which do not reach the United States.

The book is scholarly, much more so than most guides for field identification. Scientific terms are used, as "crissum," "remiges," and "endemic," which give one somewhat the feeling of reading the basic descriptive works on the region by Salvin and Godman or Robert Ridgway. Furthermore, as in the older works, keys are provided, but in this guide dichotomous keys based on size and external coloration pattern. Keys generally are not popular with field students and in this case seem rather unwieldy, especially for the hawks and hummingbirds, many of which probably will remain mystery birds — that annoying observation of questionable accuracy of identification. Races of birds, of particular interest to students of the genodynamics of populations, have been given a special category without descriptions, but with ranges. Distributional data, headed up by a category entitled "Distribution," applies to Mexico only and is often broadly ecologic. Completing each species coverage are "Remarks," which may well be most serviceable of all to the birder. The outstanding field mark of the bird and any species with which it may be confused is likely to be mentioned here, with sometimes a note on voice. Other information concerning habits or status may also be found in this convenient catchall. Attention is called to the loud wing-snapping of the Red-capped Manakin during its courtship, and we are told that the world's largest woodpecker, the Imperial, may go the way of the American Ivory-

billed unless measures are taken to save its habitat of forest trees.

Birds of Mexico is an ornithological landmark for the region and a historic stride forward, placing, at last, this nearby country beyond the exploratory period of collecting. I regret that Mexican names for the birds were not included. As an Easterner in Mexico City I first learned to know of the Canyon Wren as the *salta pared* (Wall-hopper), as it was called by my Spanish-speaking friends. Also, when seeking out the breeding haunts of a bird, one can often get helpful information from natives if one knows the name in the local vernacular.

Two end maps show the ecologic blocs of Mexico and the political units. About one third of the species covered are illustrated by line drawings by Douglas E. Tibbitts, staff artist of the Chicago Natural History Museum. These illustrations are in black and white, with only the frontispiece in color.

ROBERT L. GRAYCE

BETWEEN THE TIDES. By Philip Street. Philosophical Library, New York. 1953. 175 pages. \$4.75.

Designed for the beginning naturalist, to give him an inkling of life found "between the tides," this exceedingly well-written book holds the interest of the reader from the first chapter through the last. At the same time much highlight information is furnished on the more common forms of tidal plants and animals. Excellent photographs of many of these forms by the author embellish the book and are valuable for identification.

The living organisms are taken up according to groups. Their adaptation to particular tidal zones is emphasized. Their recognition, their habits of locomotion, of escape and defense, and of feeding and reproduction are discussed, as well as their ecology. Their habits prove to be just as interesting as those of birds or mammals, whose intelligence the octopus must closely approach.

A few of the sixteen chapter headings to intrigue the reader are Dominant Shore Weeds, Snail Life on the Rocks, Crab Life Between the Tides, The Curious Barnacles, and Fishes of the Shore. The final dissertation on The Sea Pastures, covering the plankton upon which so much of other sea life depends, and which so greatly influences the abundance and distribution of our pelagic birds, brings out facts that, like many facts in other chapters, may astonish the reader and dispel misconceptions passed down through the ages.

REVIEWS, Continued

This was an ideal book to review during a vacation by the sea, and it is recommended as enjoyable reading as well as for reference for all who spend any time searching for natural history materials along the coasts. Thoroughly approved is Mr. Street's concluding statement in the Introduction: "And now, before we go down to the beach, there is a plea I should like to make on behalf of the animals we shall be meeting there. Don't harm any of them, however humble, if you can help it, and do resist the temptation to kill them and take them home . . . Remember that natural history is essentially a study of living animals."

C. RUSSELL MASON

AN OTTER'S STORY. By Emil E. Liers. Illustrated by Tony Palazzo. The Viking Press, New York. 1953. 191 pages. \$2.50.

The reading of *An Otter's Story*, with its wealth of factual information about one of our most misunderstood mammals, should be a must for every sportsman, and it is a wise choice of reading for anyone, young or old, wildlife expert or merely enthusiast, who would enjoy the whimsy and pathos in two generations of otter life. Written on two levels, the book may be read by youngsters without their suspecting its message. The meanderings of the young Ottiga, orphaned after a series of trap mortalities, his yearnings for family life, his delight in finding a mate, and his

meeting and overcoming the perils of otter existence make reading more thrilling than fiction. In the second generation, the separations and reunions of the off-spring of Ottiga and Beauty are even more exciting. When the author describes brother otters telling their exploits to each other, the story borders on fantasy.

Successful as he has been on the story-telling level, the author's chief purpose is not to amuse, but rather to correct some common and disastrous misconceptions about the otter's habits and to present him as an animal more preyed upon than predator. For years people have believed that the otter subsists chiefly on fish and thus spoils the human sport of fishing. In truth, the crawfish, which is the chief item in the otter's diet, kills many more fish in infancy than the otter could possibly destroy.

To convey his message the author might be accused of overemotionalizing, especially in his descriptions of physical cruelty inflicted on these abused mammals. However, his language is ever vigorous, not maudlin. The book would be much less effective without the pencil drawings, which emphasize the playfulness of the otter's family life and the suppleness, yet grotesqueness, of his physical appearance.

To know that the same otters which cavort through Mr. Liers's story were used by Disney in *Beaver Valley* gives the book advance publicity.

DAVID R. MINER

News of Bird Clubs

The past season ended officially for the ALLEN BIRD CLUB of Springfield with the May 25 meeting, at which the following new officers were elected: President, William A. Tompkins; Vice-President, Raymond I. Longley, Jr.; Secretary, Mrs. John W. Frisbie; Treasurer, Miss Florence B. Wight. Members of the Executive Committee include the above officers, also Mrs. Harold G. Dickey, Miss Mildred A. Tyler, and Ernest Yates.

Brookline Bird Club Trips

Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

October 3, all day. Sudbury, Wayside Inn and vicinity. Miss Caldwell, Natick 1622-J. Afternoon, Wayland. Mr. Tomfohrde, PROspect 6-1979.

October 10 all day. Newburyport and vicinity. Mr. Heston, REAding 2-2741-W.

October 10-12. Cape Cod Campout. For particulars inquire of Mr. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R.

October 12, all day. Ipswich, Plum Island. Mr. Robert Hogg, CRystal 9-3431-W.

October 17, all day. Newburyport, Artichoke, and Rice Marshes. Mrs. Argue, KENmore 6-3604. Afternoon, Fresh Pond, Cambridge. Miss McCarthy, WATertown 4-9261.

October 24, all day. Parker River. Mr. Walsh, BEverly 1470. Afternoon, Wayland. Leader to be announced.

October 31, all day. Ipswich, Clark's Pond, and Dunes. Afternoon, Fresh Pond, Cambridge. Leaders to be announced.

November 7, all day. Newburyport and Artichoke. Afternoon, Arnold Arboretum. November 11, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Mr. Little, WALtham 5-4295-J. Afternoon, Nahant.

(Note: Names of leaders not supplied above will be available at Audubon House after October 1.)



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WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

From Our Educational Staff

By this time most of our members should know something of the work being accomplished by our educational staff in the four hundred odd classes conducted by them in the schools of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. But the time which can be given to the subject of Conservation and Natural Science in most of the schools is all too short. Our principal contact with the pupils is in the fifth or sixth grades only, and in the sixteen sessions during the school year we are able to give only a slight introduction to this important matter. A few progressive school superintendents or principals are now planning to carry on similar courses in all the grades of their schools.

Mrs. Lydia Andrews recently sent us some very brief contributions from pupils in Essex County schools where she has been teaching this past season.

The subject was "What I Can Do For Conservation." Marblehead students wrote the first ones.

No. 1. "I can tell my family that I have been studying Conservation and what it means. I can tell them to be careful when they are out in the woods to be sure to put out fires and not to throw matches or cigarettes on the ground. I can also tell them not to pick flowers or bushes that are not their own. I will tell them about the sanctuary and how nice it was because everything was kept and nothing had been picked. If everyone does their part we will be a lot better off and we will be able to protect forest and what is in it such as animals, plants, trees."

No. 2. "(What Can I Do For Conservation) that's a good title and it means a lot too. When I went to the Sanctuary every thing was wonderful. Let me tell you about some of the things I saw. Take the birds they are so pretty it's too bad some people are mean and hurt them. Same thing goes for the flowers people pick them and step on them they don't even care what happens to them why if they keep on doing this our country won't have any pretty birds, flowers or trees. Just think we won't have any Song Sparrows, Canada Geese, Meadowlarks, Oven birds, and Bobolinks. It would be pretty bad, wouldn't it, so please be careful of nature."

No. 3. "There are many things I can do to help conservation. A few of them are to throw papers in the basket and not in the streets, and don't use a pond or lake for the dumps. I can also follow out the saying 'Enjoy and do not destroy.' I can also leave the flowers alone and don't pick them, and also don't harm the birds or animals. There are so many things that people can do to help conservation. But it is amazing how many people don't carry them through.

From a Wenham pupil. "There are many things I can do for conservation. I can leave plants where I find them for others to enjoy. I can help the birds in winter and other times when it is hard for them to find food, drink and shelter. I will leave the birds' nests where I find them. I can try and help all animals. I can try and teach others to conserve nature. There are many things I can do for the Sanctuary. I can pick up papers along the trail. I should not step on the wild things. I should only shoot wild things with a camera. All these things will keep the Sanctuary beautiful."

A Manchester contribution. "I am 11. A lot of children say well I can't do anything for conservation. I'm too young. But they can do something no matter how young or how old. Like a lot of children I like flowers. I have taken trips out in the woods many times. I have seen many rare flowers. The reason they are rare is because everybody thought they were pretty and picked them. It is all right to pick a few flowers once in a while, but pick them carefully and don't pick them by the roots. Then they will grow back again. I can also help the trees by not peeling the bark or picking the leaves. If I see some trees that are crowded I can transplant some. I can help the birds. I can give them food in bird feeders. I can put bird houses out for them to live in. That is what I can do for conservation."

A Topsfield pupil summarizes it in tabular form. "1. Be careful with fire. 2. Don't take birch bark from live trees. 3. If you catch little fish don't throw them onto the ground, throw them into the water. 4. Don't pick too many of one kind of flower or plant. 5. Don't torture animals. 6. Don't step on small animals. 7. Don't poison animals needlessly. 8. Put up bird houses in safe places. 9. Feed the birds in winter. 10. Give the birds water all year round."

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LOOKING AHEAD: SOME DATES TO REMEMBER

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER

MEETINGS AT AUDUBON HOUSE

Massachusetts Audubon Society

Oct. 2, Staff Meeting, 9:30 A.M.

Boston Malacological Club

Oct. 6, 8:00 P.M.

Massachusetts Conservation Council

Oct. 7, 2:00 P.M.

Massachusetts Audubon Society

Oct. 14, Board of Directors, 3:00 P.M.

Old Colony Bird Club

Oct. 12, 26, 7:30 P.M.

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY, STAFF LECTURES

Oct. 1, Peabody Garden Club, Peabody.

Oct. 2, Lunenburg Woman's Club,
Lunenburg.

Oct. 7, Garden Club of Greater New
Bedford, New Bedford.

Oct. 16, Woman's Alliance, Osterville.

AUDUBON FIELD TRIPS

Oct. 18, To Newburyport, Artichoke,
and other points in Essex County.
Leave Audubon House, 8:15 A.M.

Nov. 22, To Newburyport and Cape Ann.
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ADULT WORKSHOPS in Conservation and Natural Science

Intermediate Workshop, Audubon House,

Thursdays, 7:30 P.M., Oct. 1- Nov. 12.

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Intermediate Workshop, Field Meetings

only, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10, 17,
24, Dec. 1. Miss Frances Sherburne,
leader.

Bird Study Course under Robert L.

Grayce. Audubon House, Tuesday
evenings, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10,
17, 24, (to Jan. 19). 7:30 P.M.

MEETINGS AT OUR SANCTUARIES

Oct. 3, Sanctuary Committee and Sanctu-
ary Directors, Ipswich River Wild-
life Sanctuary.

Oct. 10, Covered Dish Supper at Pleas-
ant Valley Wildlife Sanctuary, with
showing of "Audubon's America."

Oct. 17, Reunion of all Audubon House
Workshop members at Moose Hill
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Pleasant Recollections Awakened

"Dear Judge Walcott:—May I tell you how much, while hospitalized this month, I enjoyed your President's Page in the *Bulletin*, with its reference to Lowell's poem and the Bobolinks? It brought to mind many pleasant recollections of experiences with Bobolinks — at Greenwich, Connecticut, as a boy; the thrill of one lone migrant Bobolink brought to an eastern 'exile' in Boulder, Colorado; and best of all, perhaps, a jolly group last summer at

Meredith, New Hampshire. A handful were left this spring at Nine-Acre Corner, Sudbury, and on Route 117, as you undoubtedly know from other reports. It certainly is saddening to watch their decrease.

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Lowell, Mass.

George A. Drew, Jr.

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Field Notes

Miss Margaret L. Chapin, of Norwich Town, Connecticut, writes us that this past winter she had interesting experiences with bird feeding at the Northfield School for Girls. Adjacent to the feeding station was a large sugar-maple, which through the nibbling of gray squirrels dripped sap and formed sugar icicles. She once saw a squirrel pick and eat in his paws like stick candy such an icicle, and many of the birds used to sip from the dripping spots. The EVENING GROSBILLS took bits from the icicles, eating as much as they could hold in their large beaks.

Adrian P. Whiting, of Plymouth, records a MINK seen at the first impoundment at Plum Island, August 1. He writes, "I was walking along the edge of the strip of water and the Mink swam across toward me. When it saw me it dived and came up on the land ahead of me and ran over the dike quite near my brother Willard and C. B. Floyd, of Auburndale. It came within ten feet of us!"

Davis Crompton sends us his monthly list of mammals seen on his birding trips, the most interesting being a PORCUPINE seen at Fitchburg, June 5 and another seen at Monroe July 14.

Nineteen AMERICAN EGRETS were seen by the Arthur Averys on Longmeadow Flats and the Connecticut River near the Flats on August 13. A single bird was seen at Onota Lake in Pittsfield on August 15 by Mrs. John A. Vreeland and friends. At South Hanson Swamp, on August 16, Miss Eleanor E. Barry and friends saw sixty-five American Egrets going to roost.

A NORTHERN PHALAROPE was seen in Pittsfield at the sewer beds on August 20 by Bartlett Hendricks and party.

Charles B. Floyd observed two adult DICKCISSELS at Wayland on August 23.

One immature BLACK GUILLEMOT was seen by Elmer Foye at Plum Island on July 26.

Two MIGRANT SHRIKES were reported from Plum Island, August 26 through September 1, seen by Leslie Vaughan and others.

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Field Notes

BLACK SKIMMERS have been reported during August from Nauset (four immatures), Monomoy (eleven immatures), Plymouth Beach (one immature), and Wareham (four adults in Buzzards Bay).

One BUFF-BREASTED SANDPIPER was observed in Newburyport by Mrs. Clara deWindt and many others, the bird being present from August 22 to September 7.

WHITE-WINGED CROSSBILLS have been reported from many places in Maine and New Hampshire during the summer, and some flocks have had a few RED CROSSBILLS present. Bartlett Hendricks reports seeing and hearing fifteen White-winged Crossbills and three or four Red Crossbills on October Mountain on August 26.

An adult female SWAINSON'S HAWK was observed at Nauset Beach on September 14 by Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell Mason. The bird circled and wheeled over their house not more than twenty-five to thirty feet above the roof. Every detail was noted as it continued to circle slowly, moving northward.

Nine LITTLE BLUE HERONS (three adults and six immatures) were seen in South Hanson Swamp on August 16 by Miss Eleanor E. Barry and party, and on the same date one immature Little Blue Heron was seen at East Porter Lake in Forest Park Reservation, Springfield, by Miss Mertie Brown and others. Mrs. Ruth I. Derby reported a single individual at West Becket on August 24, and on August 27 an immature bird was reported at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, by Police Officer Erickson.

Thirty HUMMINGBIRDS were reported at the Webster place, Holderness, New Hampshire, on August 1 by T. S. Fillebrown.

A DOVEKIE was seen at Nantucket on July 1 by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Heywood. The bird swam along back of the first wave just off the beach. Mr. Heywood followed it for a mile or more and could have touched it. It would swim perhaps thirty feet under water, then ten feet above. This was a strange and unusual find for the Heywoods. Two Dovekies were reported from the harbor side of Penobscot Bay on July 30 by Dr. John W. Brainerd and family.

A BLUE-GRAY GNATCATCHER was seen in Middleboro on August 25 by Lester Spaulding.

Stevens Heckscher reported a SNOWY EGRET at Scarborough, Maine, on August 23.

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Field Notes

A letter from our good friend, F. W. Gade, Lundy, Ireland, in the Bristol Channel, England, tells us that they had a noteworthy American bird visitor there last autumn — an AMERICAN ROBIN. He says that the record has been accepted by the British Trust for Ornithology as a genuine wild bird, and not an escapee, on the basis of catching, examining, photographing, and ringing the bird. This is the first record of the species for Britain.

A CARDINAL was reported from New Bedford on July 15 by Mrs. Alice Moberg, and another was seen and heard singing in Wellesley by Miss Ethel A. Pennell the first two weeks of August.

Mrs. Eleanor W. Furness, of Cambridge, writes us that in Randolph, New Hampshire, on July 18, a male WHITE-WINGED CROSSBILL visited her bird bath while at the same time a large flock of all ages was seen in the Randolph Valley. She also wrote that on August 6, in Gorham, on the summit of Mt. Hayes, she saw a flock of at least twenty birds, and on August 8 a flock of ten was seen on the Israel Ridge of Mt. Adams. Still another flock was seen that day near Cannon Mountain in the Franconias.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Youlden, of Westwood, found a HOUSE WREN in July lining its nest with bits of insulation material blown to their yard by the recent tornado in Worcester County. Mrs. F. N. Russell reported this unusual nesting material with the query, "Will the babies survive the heat?"

George A. Drew, Jr., transmits to us a note from Mrs. Norris Bartlett, of Meredith, N. H., a member of the New Hampshire Audubon Society, relating that a Crow seized a Starling in shrubbery in front of her house and, in company with other Crows, began devouring it. She felt it indicated an excess of Crows in relation to their food supply.

Mrs. Dean Winslow Hanscom, of Beverly, tells us that this year, opposite her home, a RACCOON raised a family in the hollow of a huge linden about twelve feet above the sidewalk, and that last year the same hollow was occupied by a SAW-WHET OWL and its five young.

Answers to BIRD PHOTO QUIZ in this issue of the *Bulletin* are:— Number One, Chipping Sparrow; Number Two, Redwing; Number Three, Nighthawk; Number Four, Black-crowned Night Heron; Number Five, Lesser Scaup Duck; Number Six, Canada Goose.

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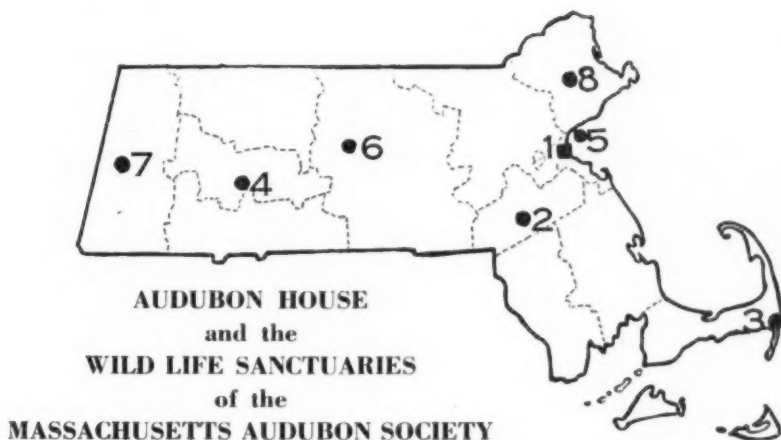
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